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Life

JANUARY

15 CENTS
IN CANADA 20¢



"I said I'd go as
Minnie-ha-ha,
not Minnie Mouse!"



Milt Gross—Dr. Seuss—Don Herold—Marge



HER honeymoon and it should have been MINE

HELEN turned away from the happy note with a feeling of deep regret.

It didn't seem right that Martha and Jim should be so happy. She half begrudged Martha that happiness. After all, it shouldn't have been Martha's honeymoon but her own.

Hadn't she and Jim been engaged for two years? And hadn't she had every right to expect a long and pleasant marriage?

She couldn't blame Martha, of course, but Jim had acted rather shoddily. The thought of the night that he had broken the engagement still flooded her with humiliation. She hadn't understood it then . . . could find no reason for it.

And now with the honeymoon letter in her hand, she sought again for some explanation for Jim's actions.

How's Your Breath Today?

Poor thing! She is still a long way from the truth. How is your breath today? Nothing scares others away like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Unfortunately, everyone has it at one time or another—without knowing it. Ninety per cent of the cases are caused by small particles of fermenting food (skipped by the tooth brush) between the teeth and gums.

Don't risk offending others. Make sure that you do not have halitosis by simply cleansing the mouth with Listerine every night, every morning, and between times after meals. It immediately renders the breath sweet, wholesome and agreeable. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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proclaimed it a truly superior gin . . . Fleischmann's is an absolutely pure gin, free from all foreign substances, four times distilled from selected American grains. It is intended for those who desire to serve only the best—who know that fine gin drinks can be made only

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Life

JANUARY : 1934

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Published by
LIFE MAGAZINE, INC.
60 E. 42nd St., New York
FRED. G. FRANCIS,
Chairman of the Board
CLAIR MAXWELL, President
HENRY RICHTER, Treasurer
GEORGE T. EGGLESTON,
Editor
GURNEY WILLIAMS,
Associate Editor

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Notice of change of address should reach this office one month prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York. Yearly Subscription Rate: U. S., \$1.50; Canada, \$2.10; Foreign, \$2.10.



HOW TO BECOME A LION TAMER IN 3 SHORT PUFFS



- LESSON 1. *Never clean your pipe*
LESSON 2. *Smoke a ropy tobacco.*
LESSON 3. *Enter cage puffing.*
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DESIGN FOR LEAVING

MR. NED MARIN,
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios,
Culver City, Cal.

Dear Mr. Marin: Do you happen to remember hiring me as a dialogue writer about 16 weeks ago to collaborate on an original story with Bud Barsky, Carey Wilson, Zelda Sears, Salka Viertel, John Lee Mahin, Richy Craig, Albert Hackett, Jules Furthman and four girls (their names escape me for the moment) who are related to Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg?

Everything is progressing nicely on the story, sir, except that I can't locate any of my collaborators. I went over to the old writers' building several weeks ago and discovered that the place has been turned into sound stage 23 and Carey Wilson is directing a picture for Universal on a loan-out from Paramount under a unit form of production devised by David O. Selznick. (Evers to Tinker to Chance.) All the other writers are in Yuma, Arizona, getting married, so I'm going it alone.

To get back to the story: I've outlined a swell yarn built around a hotel. Briefly, it's *Hot Saturday*, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *I Cover the Waterfront*, *She Done Him Wrong* and *King Kong* all thrown into one. It can't miss. The action starts, or ends (depending on when Garbo gets back from Sweden) in a Georgia chain gang, with some stupendous dance routines staged by Bushby Berkeley, followed by a hair-raising fight between a python and a wasp. From there we quickly dissolve to the island of Bali. The submarine containing Bob Montgomery, Mae West, Marie Dressler, Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Ruby Keeler, Clark Gable and some escaping chlorine gas, gets stuck in the mud on the ocean floor—and that's as far as I've gone.

Last week I tried to arrange for a story conference with Harry Rapf, Irving Thalberg, Eddie Mannix, Louis B. Mayer and Sam Marx but I understand they've left us to form an independent company and steal Ann Harding from R-K-O. They're now flying back and forth between Hollywood and New York discussing production plans, and that's that.

In order to save time in the production of my picture (I'm calling it *S O S Stockholder* for the moment) I suggest we split the producing company into eight equal parts to be headed by Richard Boleslavsky, Jack Conway,



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*Kingston may be substituted.

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ROSS W. THOMPSON, Manager

Howard Hawks, Robert Z. Leonard, Eddie Buzzell, Elliott Nugent, Frank Capra and Mervyn LeRoy, respectively.

If this method disrupts the continuity we'll get Rodgers and Hart to add some snappy dance numbers and change the title to "Eight Girls in a Boat" (not the same boat that Paramount's using, though, or we'll run afoul of the Hays' office).

INCIDENTALLY, Mr. Marin, I wonder if you could arrange for an office for me on this lot? It would simplify my writing problem a great deal. You see, I was originally assigned a room which has since been loaned to Warner Bros. in exchange for a tugboat set. Meantime I have been forced to work in my old office at United Artists. (Sam Goldwyn has been paying me \$500 a week, because he thinks I'm working on Eddie Cantor's new picture.)

I'm most anxious to get on with my story, Mr. Marin; and, to this end it might be wise if we got together on it (if you're still working here).

The problem facing me at the moment is how to get our all-star cast safely out of the disabled submarine without resorting to the usual movie hokum. Or, would it be better to leave them down there choking on the chlorine gas while Bing Crosby (we can probably borrow him from somebody in exchange for something) goes down through the seaweed in a diving suit crooning *The Old Ox Road*?

Yours truly,
—Jack Chett

Criticism, Not Very Constructive



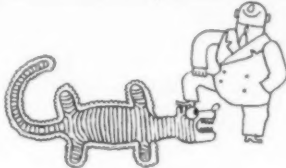
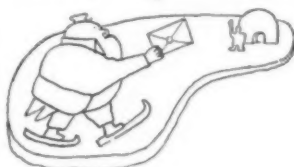



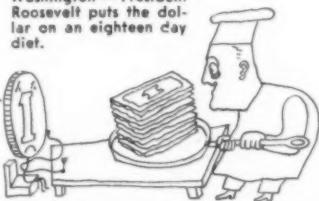


I'M socially inclined, but still I will admit I've had my fill Of hosts and hostesses who think That every hour's the hour to drink.

The kind of evening that I hate
Is that at which, at half-past eight,
No matter how or when you've dined,
A highball in your fist you find.

At cocktail hour a heady mixture
On all good programs is a fixture,
But long cold drinks just after food
Have never done the tummy good.

If I had any strength of mind
I simply wouldn't drink. I find,
However, I'd miss all the fun,
So I'll keep on as I've begun.
—Marion Sturges-Jones.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF—

<div>  January  </div>						
sun	mon	tues	wed	thu	fri	sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
<p>The birthstone is the garnet for constancy and fidelity—rare blessings on these cold nights.</p>	<p>Mr. and Mrs. World finds the 1934th baby on their doorstep. A peculiar child—he reaches for his bottle with his right hand and shoots it away with his left.</p>	 <p>New York—Mayor LaGuardia tries out his new rug.</p>	<p>Washington—Congress meets. The nation begins to learn that taxation with representation is no good either.</p>			
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
 <p>New York—Farley makes up with Tammany. Appoints John P. O'Brien postmaster of Little America.</p>	<p>Berlin—Germany sentences assaulters of Americans to imprisonment in ex-Kaiser's palace. Denies them right to breakfast in bed.</p>	 <p>Europe—The people become hungry enough to eat a battleship. Disarmament problem fades into indigestion.</p>	<p>Pekin—Scientists discover that man did not descend from monkeys. Man is descending to monkeys.</p>			
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
<p>Tokio—Japanese schoolboy discovers that a Manchu Khan once captured Russia. Tokio gives Soviets two weeks' notice to move out.</p>	 <p>Vancouver—The Royal Northwest Mounted Police commissions Mee West to get their man.</p>		<p>Wall Street—The Power Trust warns the people that government operation will make power so cheap, no one will want it.</p>			
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
<p>Berlin—Hitler promises to maintain peace if he has to shoot the rest of the world to do it.</p>	 <p>Washington—President Roosevelt puts the dollar on an eighteen day diet.</p>	<p>Washington—President Roosevelt succumbs to temptation. Imitates Maurice Chevalier on the radio. Farley says reelection is in the bag as the nation is wowed.</p>	<p>Paris—Chamber of Deputies promises weekly change of Premier attractions for the tourist trade.</p>			
28	29	30	31			
<p>Hollywood—Vice rules film capital. Stars are compelled to remarry their old husbands as immigration lags behind the divorce rate.</p>	<p>New York—Legislature abolishes electric chair for women because modern girls cannot be shocked.</p> 	<p>People born before the 20th are conventional, economical, and industrious but they have hearts of gold.</p> <p>People born after the 20th never forget a kind deed. It is safe to lend them money.</p>				

—Compiled by José Schorr; Decorated by Albert Vialé

CONTENTS NOTED

By Kyle Crichton



MY audience, spurred doubtlessly by the rumor that I once had a story accepted by Street and Smith, has been hounding me for advice on the best way of making a living by writing. Willing as I am to sacrifice myself for my following, I must ask the young folks that in return for sharing the secret which has set the publishing representatives clamoring at my door they will place their hands on their hearts and promise not to belabor me with manuscripts, which will be undeniably works of genius but a damnable lot of work in the reading withal.

It is my opinion that anyone short of a moron can write saleable short stories. I don't say good stories but saleable stories. And I don't say where they can be sold. *Hardware Age* may not seem a fitting market for a new Marcel Proust but *Hardware Age* is a market. I can just do so much for you people; I can't do everything. Personally, I've never been able to make *Hardware Age* and I am afraid that it may be among the hundred or more names that will be found carved on my heart when I die. The Crichtons are given to brooding over such things.

BACK in the days when the very sight of a representative of the United States Post Office doing his dastardly efficient task of returning manuscripts which had been entrusted to his care, I was sustained by the hope that an editor would some day lose a manuscript and thus give me a chance to address him personally. I had prepared in my mind a dignified note of inquiry which would reveal to him that he was dealing with a gentleman, and not only a gentleman but a gentleman of such promise that it would be the better part of wisdom for him to rescue the story from the ashcan and give it a re-reading. It was difficult, however, to remonstrate about a story which had been mailed on Wednesday morning and had wended its way home safely by late Thursday afternoon. No matter how far I removed myself from the vicinity of New York, a manuscript mailed on Wednesday morning invariably turned up in the delivery of late Thursday afternoon. I have thought for a long time of talking to Mr. S. S. Van Dine about this

because it has never ceased to be a mystery to me. Only my reluctance to think has kept me from delving into it myself.

By this roundabout way, I come to the point that ordinarily my advice on writing would be:

(a) Don't come to New York to be a writer. You get them back just as soon no matter where you are.

(b) Don't be a writer.

But I know that the opposition is too strong for me. The urge to write had, on the last census, become stronger than the urge to neck and not even the inclusion of the act of penmanship under the Sedition laws would have effect in curbing the impulse. Yielding gracefully to the inevitable, I therefore do my best in pointing the way. As to plots for popular stories, there is really little chance of going wrong. The plots may be listed roughly as follows:

(a) Young love.

(b) Overcoming Obstacles. Set up a lot of barriers for your hero and have him triumph over them.

(c) Depression stories in which everybody is very brave and jolly in the face of adversity and in which the hero saves the family from eviction by the invention of a shoelace which automatically ties itself.

(d) Sports stories in which the leading character is a goofy individual who, in the last page, confounds the experts and wins (1) the game, (2) the girl.

(e) True Confessions. In which you dig up all the dirt on the relatives and sell it to Mr. McFadden.

(f) Cowboy stories. Anything about Bar-Z ranch.

(g) Young luf.

If you are aiming at the wood-pulps, your immediate concern is to get into such physical shape that you can pound them out by the yard. What they insist upon in that field is quantity. Prices are not what they once were but there are still many horny-handed authors able to whack out an income of \$15,000 a year. I once knew a successful pulp writer of that class who started by doing his own typing and then, to speed things up, bought an electric typewriter. When that wasn't fast enough, he got himself a dictaphone and a secretary to transcribe his jeweled words. Finding that further stimulation was necessary to enable him to write the five hundred and twelfth version of the same plot, he has now bought an automobile with a special Pullman car body and may be seen in stray parts of America camped under a tree courting the muse. If the muse eludes him there, he gets back into his combination sitting room, dining room and bath on wheels and moves on.

FOR those who desire to write good stories—and they are the only ones who get any real satisfaction out of their work—the finest preparation is a study of the history of hunger strikes. It is the simplest thing in the world to starve to death in the midst of the effort to elevate the intellectual and emotional content of the American short-story. Being published in Mr. O'Brien's Best Short Stories of the Year is an excellent thing, but there is no recorded instance of an author having flourished on a diet of Mr. O'Brien's



Literary Possibilities:

Colette gets a few pointers on love from our American representative.



admirable volumes. Without exaggeration, it is easier to get a first novel published in this country than it is a good short story. After you have exhausted the quality market (*Scribner's*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *Forum*, *American Mercury*) and such few other markets as *Story*, *Hound and Horn* and *Yale Review*, you can either give the story to one of the "little" magazines (non-pay) or use it for fuel on the Vermont or Maine farm on which you are on any given date eight months in arrears in rent.

Lest my words about the possibility of book publication should set you insane with desire, I may add that the first novel which sells as much as 2,000 copies is a miracle. If the book sells for \$2 and your royalty is 10% (the usual figure), you can estimate for yourself that your reward will be \$400. Since even the poorest job of that sort requires six months' time and generally a year, it is not difficult to imagine that there are no deaths from over-feeding among the younger novelists.

BUT I insist that anybody with the intelligence of a motorcycle cop can write a saleable story. Just take all those plots I outlined and mix them up together. When you come to what would be the natural end for the tale, give it another twist, a reverse twist if possible. Then type neatly and dispatch. After that there is nothing to do but wait for the check. If they don't buy the story, write the editor and bawl him out. Tell him that's the last of yours he'll ever get. Don't wait for an answer; change your address.

P.S. My wife has just come in to say that the publishing representative clamoring at the door turns out to be a young man desirous of working his way through Princeton by selling the *Delineator*. This will show you to what lengths the better magazines will go in checking up on a man's home life before making him an offer for his yearly output.

Editor's Note: For comments on recent books (which Mr. Crichton has seen fit to ignore in this month's book department) see page 45.

In Winter, too . . .



It's Springtime on the

Air-conditioning is not merely a device to keep you cool in summer. *Genuine* air-conditioning does much more than that. Chesapeake and Ohio felt that there was no reason why passengers should be annoyed by dirt and cinders

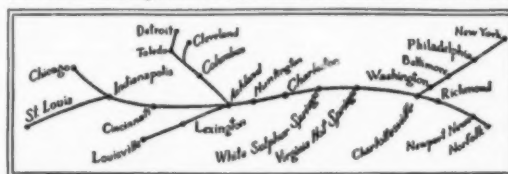
and drafts, even in winter, so we installed *genuine* air-conditioning on all thru trains. The net result is perfect weather, made to order, in *winter too*—very different from the dry, steam-heated stuffiness of the ordinary railroad cars.

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CHESAPEAKE and OHIO



• Does Senator Borah look more interesting with chin shrubbery? At least it would wave nicely in a senatorial breeze.

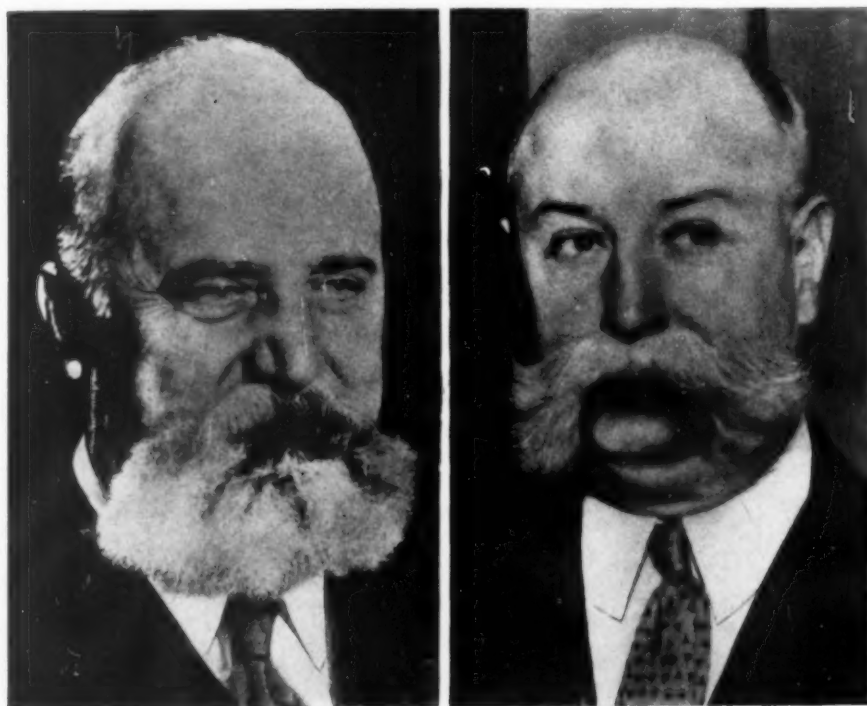
• Perhaps Vice-president Garner (left) wouldn't remain so obscure if he grew some General Grant whiskers.

Whiskerreotypes

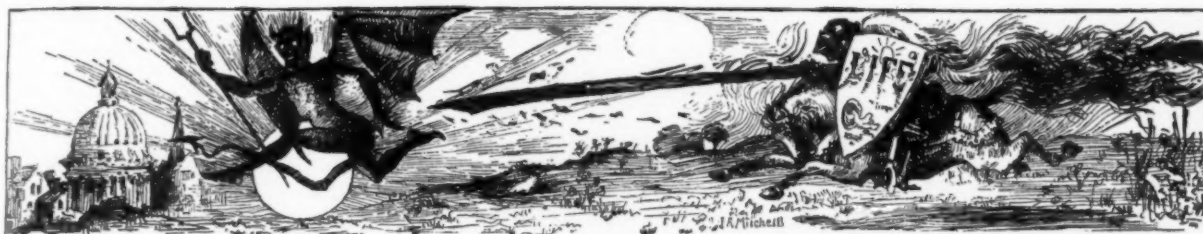
Famous physiognomies as they would appear if their owners shunned the brush and blade.

• Mayor O'Brien's fate in the recent election might have been different had he permitted his potential beard to sprout in this fashion.

• And although Postmaster Farley (right) has got along pretty well, who knows where handle-bar moustaches like these might have landed him?



—HIRSUTOGRAPHY BY GEO. WILLARD BONTE



JANUARY, 1934

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR

“—SOME OF THE PEOPLE—”

LIFE'S Bureau of Consumer Research

OUR COUNTRY

Washington Racket **“STEP** right up, ladies and gentlemen. Join the party which is about to visit all the wonders of our Nation's Capitol. See the Hall of Statuary; sit in the balconies of the House of Representatives and the Senate Chamber, where the laws of the land are made; see the Chamber of the United States Supreme Court, where these same laws are declared unconstitutional; stand with your mouth agape as you gaze upon the very chairs in which Presidents of the United States rested their weary frames when they signed the pension bills, declarations of war, and 'Pork Bills,' too humorous to mention. See them all, hear them described to you in the most glowing terms, all for the price of twenty-five cents, one-fourth part of a dollar.”

You have not been listening to the barker outside of a Broadway museum;

you have been standing just inside the East entrance to the Capitol of the United States, at Washington, D. C., where you, as a good American citizen bent upon visiting the most important building in your country, have been greeted with the plea of one of the twenty-four guides. Perhaps his speech has not been quite so sensational in content as the foregoing, but it has been equally flamboyant.

“We are forced to make this nominal charge of twenty-five cents per person,” he tells you, “because we are not paid by the Government. The twenty-five cents which you contribute is the only remuneration we receive.”

A crippled mendicant on Broadway might induce you to part with a quarter if he told you that his only income consisted of the “occasional pennies” dropped into his hat by passersby. But you probably would call a cop if he told you that those “occasional pennies” totalled \$6,000 in a year.

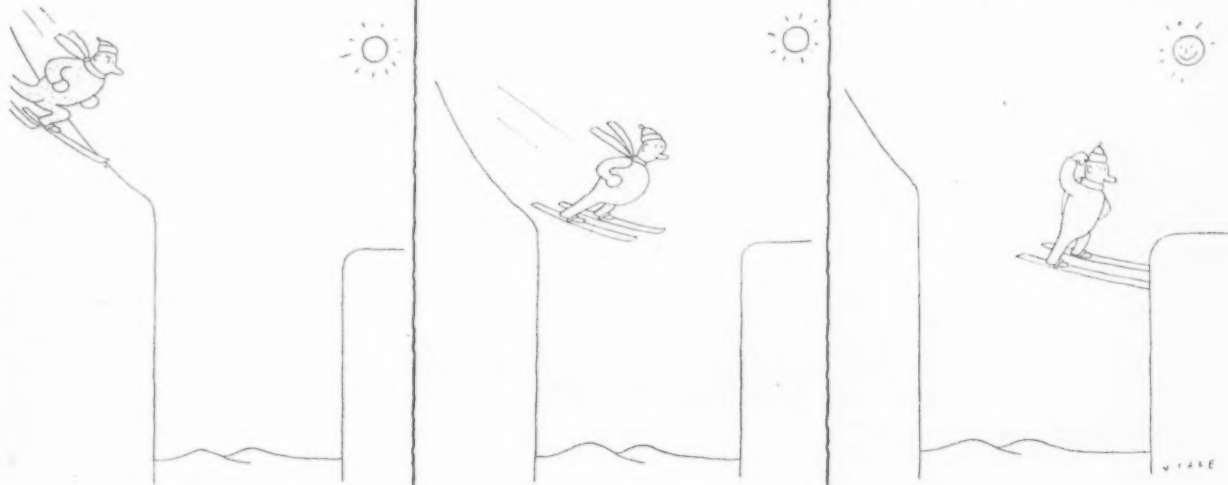
It seems about time that some kind

of cop was called in on this guide racket in the Capitol. It is doubtful that the guides are making \$6,000 each in these years, but it is reported reliably that that sum—totalling \$144,000 for the twenty-four—was the “only remuneration” received annually by the guides in better times.

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Coffee **NEVER** since the advent of Prohibition has fate tossed up such a choice morsel for gagmen, cartoonists, and wags in general as the Nudism fad. Several of our Foolish Contemporaries, we notice, have gotten sufficiently lathered up about it to come out with Nudist Numbers. We of “Some Of The People” may brush on the subject in passing, but hardly feel that it rates a special edition.

The other day we thumbed through a copy of the Official Organ Of The



International Nudist Conference. By far the most interesting feature of the publication is the Contact Service for marooned nudists, i.e., those who feel the urge to gambol in nude company but don't know any kindred spirits nearby. If in such a plight, the nudist sends his name and address to the Conference and the Conference sends back names and addresses of adjacent registered nudists. The marooned nudist is then able to get together with his neighbors and frolic happily and pantslessly. It is only the out-of-the-way nudist who has to resort to this method of finding playmates, however. Those near urban centers may join up with one of the 30 camps, leagues, and clubs listed and advertised in the official organ.

Ads for nudist camps are to be expected in the official organ, but when we found Milk, Nude Sunbathing, and Rest advertised by Mrs. Anna G. Schmidt in one of our leading national weeklies, we gave pause. Mrs. Schmidt replied to our query by saying emphatically that she was *not* a nudist camp. "Sexes are not mixed for sunbathing," wrote Mrs. Schmidt; "the farm is designed as a rest and reducing cure. . . . Pajamas and sports clothes are worn mostly." Coffee is optional in the morning, but otherwise the "diet is milk, exclusively."

Gasoline Alley **THE OTHER** day we went window shopping for used cars with a chap who'd spent a decade or so learning the ropes. We not only learned that there are all sorts of used car dealers, but picked up some pointers on "macing," "regrooving," and "repossessing."

"Macing" is something that is likely to happen to a fellow who shops around too much for a higher price on his old car. If a dealer is out to "mace" you, he offers a higher price than anyone else has and swaps his 60-day note for your bill of sale. Then he sells it for whatever he can get in cash, and blows town until the squawk blows over. Although "macing" is nothing new, the first indictment ever issued for it in these parts occurred just recently, when the "wrong man" was maced for a pretty penny on a Pierce. The victim swore that he'd get a conviction if it cost him \$50,000. It didn't, but he did.

"Repossessed" is a word used wide-



"Do be careful, Sacha. Remember last Sunday afternoon you ruined your neck on that *Souvenir de Moscow*."

ly by dealers because of the magical effect it has on buyers. It makes them think they're getting a tremendous bargain in a car someone else has all but paid for but hardly used. Cars turned over in default of payment are required by law to be sold only at public auction.

"Regrooving" is the process of rejuvenating a worn-out tire by cutting



"What do you expect me to do—with all these Einsteins around?"

the tread a little deeper with a hand tool.

"Fixing" the total registered is a very old wheeze. We spotted an eight-year-old wreck with sagging springs, a boiled-out radiator, and battered fenders—speedometer "total mileage," 3869—that spoke for itself. Since the NRA auto code prohibits juggling the total mileage reading, it also spoke for the dealer.

Argot **THE OTHER** day we were interviewing a gentleman wise in the ways of the Wall Street underworld in an effort to get the lowdown on how the fake stock operators stalk their prey. We had our pencil and pad all poised for a fat batch of notes, and he began to talk:

"As soon as the coxy turns over two or three lilies and a mooch," said he, "the dynamiter gets after them through the boiler room and lines them up for the lunch-and-lecture spieler. If that don't work they ring in a bird dog and a little scenery and try to get the front. Often as not it's the reloader slams into a squawk and somebody gets tagged."

Frankly, we were stopped. Giving up any thought of getting a yarn about stock gyps, we gave over the rest of the afternoon to compiling a glossary:

Lily—a highbrow synonym for sucker.

Mooch—a heaven-sent supersucker. Over credulous.

P.O.—a Post Office Dept. Inspector. A cop.

Dynamiter—a high-pressure fly-by-night salesman.

Reloader—a dynamiter who can repeat a gyp sale on the same lily.

Scenery—a board of directors whose names carry weight.

Also dividend checks, etc., carried by reloader.

Squawk—the complaint or complainant.

Tagged—Indicted.

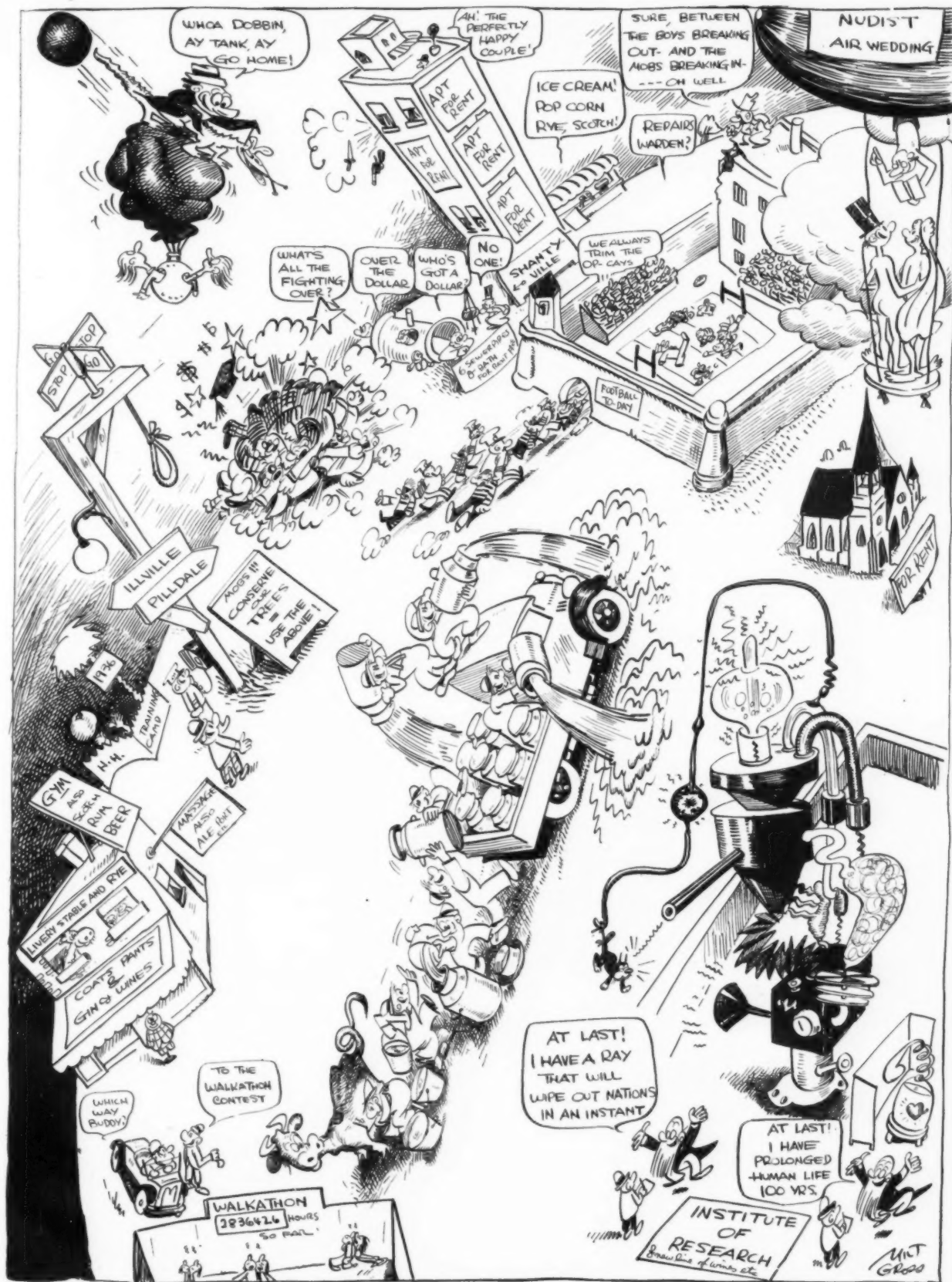
Bird dog—a tout used by the dynamiter to furnish prospects and boost the securities.

Boiler Room—a telephone room from which a battery of salesmen work a telephone "razz".

Clean deal—a cash sale.

Front money—money advanced to a salesman before the sale is fully completed.

Coxy—a green salesman who can



The Guy from Mars

In which Mr. Gross' mythical man looks down upon current economic, scientific, religious and social problems.

make small sales to be followed up by the reloader.

Cash WHEN times were good, the **Bond** Casino (Monte Carlo) at Monaco was a lucrative little concession. And so, when the Prince of Monaco got around to building himself a yacht, he didn't skimp. The *Hirondelle* was 360 feet long; she had a beam of 36 feet and a crew of 60 men—as stately a craft as ever was, in her heyday, mates. But now, the story runs, she's a big white elephant leashed ignominiously to a wharf in Providence, Rhode Island.

A Mr. Phillip Westley saw big commercial possibilities in this colorful little tale. Styling himself "South Seas Club Cruise, Inc.," he advertised for men to work on a "private steam yacht":

"—Must be fine physical type, good appearance and personality. Interesting opportunity travel. Long cruise. Attractive to college men. Steady, fine wages and living conditions. Must be able to furnish cash bond and references."

Westley explained to the numerous applicants that he was going to restore the *Hirondelle* to her former glory and cruise her in the South Seas. Cook's would handle the passenger list, said Westley, and all the applicant had to do was have a cash bond ready when it was asked for.

To a good many of the collegiate applicants the idea was high romance, but to hardened Investigator Brock, who followed up the ad, it was "just another cash bond scheme." Generally speaking, explains the Inspector, a "cash bond scheme" is one wherein the applicant is required to deliver a cash bond directly to the operator, who collects as many as he can, and blows. Westley didn't get that far. The law caught up, he got three months, and the *Hirondelle* continues to breed Rhode Island barnacles.

Average Man, IF **NEWSPAPER** **Complete** cartoonists continue to depict the Average Man as a mousy little person wearing a dented derby on an oversized head mounted on a spindle neck springing from a pair of shrunken shoulders; and if the intellectuals continue to call him



"Oh, that's nothing! Some of my best friends are Gentiles."

addle-pated and round-headed; and if all the popular misconceptions of this stalwart citizen are not abandoned at once and forever; then we shall grumble sic-temper-the-devil-of-it, and write to the *Times*.

Conducting the Average Man from



"Do you think I'll be able to get Kate Smith on this set?"

the sphere of mythology into the realm of fact has been our first venture into the field of pure science, knowledge for the sake of knowledge, and we're a bit proud of our job. We've made a tangible individual of him by consulting his hatter, booter, shirter, and tailor. Meet the Average Man—this department's contribution to the sum total of human knowledge:

Head	Oval, size 7 $\frac{3}{16}$
Neck	15
Waist	33
Sleeve	33 $\frac{1}{2}$
Weight	159
Height	5'-9"
Foot	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ -C
Residence	Outskirts of Cincinnati, O.

It is now possible to say with authority, if the name of so-and-so arises, that so-and-so is fatter or thinner, taller or smaller, than average. Our part is finished. We subside back of our Underwood to wait for the inevitable honorary degrees.

SCIENCE

Brass WE WERE pretty impressed **Brain** with the Smithsonian Institute's discovery that the weather repeats itself every 23 years. It seems, according to the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*, that Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot of the Inst. had been gathering weather dope for a good many years, and, in 1932, invented a machine which he called a periodometer. The details are a little hazy, but we gather that in some way he fed the dope into the machine, and the answer he got out was "Yes," along with the figure 23.

The whole thing seemed like a high-class proposition to us. The machine was made of brass and nicknamed the "brass brain." Dr. Abbot wrote a treatise about it; and the general impression was that it can calculate better than a human brain.

Naturally selfish, though, we got curious as to whether the discovery was for science or whether it would be of any use to us personally. As a matter of fact, it isn't. We went into the New York *Times* of 23 yrs. and more ago—as terrible a looking rat's-nest as you'd hope to find, reduced almost completely to flakes resembling agar-agar. That is, agar-agar when it's in flakes.

Particular days don't check up at



"All right, lady—have it your way!"

all. If it was clear and windy in 1910, the same day is pretty sure to have been rainy in 1933, with a hurricane off Long Island. Take November 7th, for instance. In 1910 it was fair with moderate winds, light snow in Grt. Lks. region. In 1933 it was rain and colder, on account of a big disturbance in Nova Scotia. Or take November 18. That day in 1910 was fair with high northwest winds along our Atlantic coast; but in 1933 it was cloudy and warmer. A dull day.

Weeks don't check, either, as far as our local climate is concerned. An unsettled, warm week 23 years back is pretty sure to correspond with a severely cold one in 1933. Tired of this, we picked a whole month from October 21 to November 21, and even that didn't check. As a matter of fact this month in 1910 was pretty balmy here on the whole, with only a little rain and lots of clean west wind. The same month 23 years later broke all cold records for that time of year, and was unusually rainy to boot.

Last October there were three hurricanes reported in one week, but the best 1910 could do was a storm off the Jersey coast—a pretty poor second, in our estimation. Last October the thermometer hit 92° in Abilene, Texas, and made a record which 1910 never had tried to equal.

Maybe over a longer period there is some sort of correspondence. We're willing to admit it, since we haven't a periodometer and wouldn't know where to put one if we had. All we can say is, it's a nice idea.

Manna A CALIFORNIAN picked himself up after the tremor last spring and found, agreeably enough, that a building lot he owned was a foot and a half longer after the shakeup than it was before. Likewise, one street was found to be from several inches to several feet wider at many points. It's not as though anyone else's building lot had grown smaller or any other street narrower. The additional land was pure gravy.

All this plays the devil with freshman mathematics, physics, and the law of you-can't-get-something-for-nothing. You have to lay it to the acknowledged fact that Providence has made of the sovereign State of California a teacher's pet. Some states get all the breaks—a



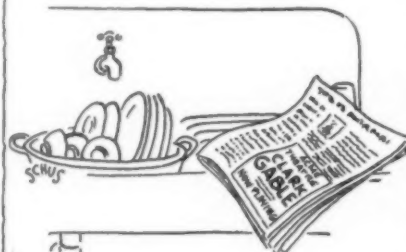
"Ooooh! Your hands are cold!"

fact of which we'll be acutely conscious when we close up our desk in a few minutes and go home through a New York sleet storm.

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Circulation THE FIRST important allies obtained by big-time racketeers in this country were probably the large metropolitan dailies, now busy editorializing and inveighing against the "public enemies" of John Citizen.

It is obvious that without money this U.S.A. nobility can't flourish. In the guise of circulation departments, now for the most part toned down and legitimized, newspapers supported private armies of hoodlums and thugs to see that *their* paper got distributed and the other fellow's paper was kept off the stands and out of the homes. Before NRA was even a dream, circulation departments of newspapers were unionized, from truckmen to wrapper-uppers, all these boys getting more dough than the cane-swinging reporter



who sneeringly covered labor meetings. Newspapers in New York and other cities found it wise to employ heads of circulation workers' unions as Circulation Managers. In the wars that raged in the midwest, and even in staid Philadelphia, newsboys were shellacked, newsstands burned, rival circulation workers beaten up. The respectable Curtis-owned *Ledgers* in Philadelphia refined this war a few years ago, when they refused to give their papers to newsboys handling the *Record*, a rival and liberal sheet owned by a newcomer to Philadelphia, J. David Stern. In New York, the boys got together and mulcted the newspapers in the guise of high union salaries, bonuses, unnecessary employees, etc. In Chicago, circulation wars were deadliest, and many of the big-time Public Enemies of that town graduated from newspaper work, while the future Presidents and financiers were selling the same papers.

The circulation workers were—and are—an extremely social bunch, and their frequent banquets and dances are given generous space by the newspapers. These banquets, held to honor union heads who get good managerial jobs, are attended by publishers, editors, and politicians, who realistically appreciate the power of these boys.

GREAT MINDS

"I think it is the business of the banks to obey the law."

—J. P. Morgan.

"Keep ever green the names of those who wrote in letters of gold upon the pages of history."

—John P. O'Brien.

"I am not going to leap from the top of the Woolworth building."

—Alexander Woolcott.

"There is not one of us, but knows his body is equipped with various glands and organs."

—Royal Copeland, M. D.

"It is a great deal better to sell our cotton than to plow it under."

—William E. Borah.

"It is considered chic for the so-called intelligentsia to taboo marriage."

—Fannie Hurst.



Sinbad . . . Who's Afraid?

MUNICIPAL REPORT

CHICAGO — What the country needs, Clarence E. Ridley, executive director of the International City Managers' Association, declares, is an official municipal report it can read and understand.

"They are either encyclopedic in detail," he said, "or they utterly fail to record the major facts of city administration."—News Item.

(The taxpayers get an official report they CAN read and understand)

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

DEAR John: Well, the city hall is still the same place it was when this administration came into office, but that is about all you can say. I am pleased to report that we have all done well.

I am sorry that Fred Johnson, the comptroller, is unable to join in this report but he has gone to look for Judge Crater. And Bob Allen, clerk of the records, was suddenly called to Europe last week, the day before the state auditors moved in. He wires from his ship that illness will probably keep him away until after the statute of limitations has run.

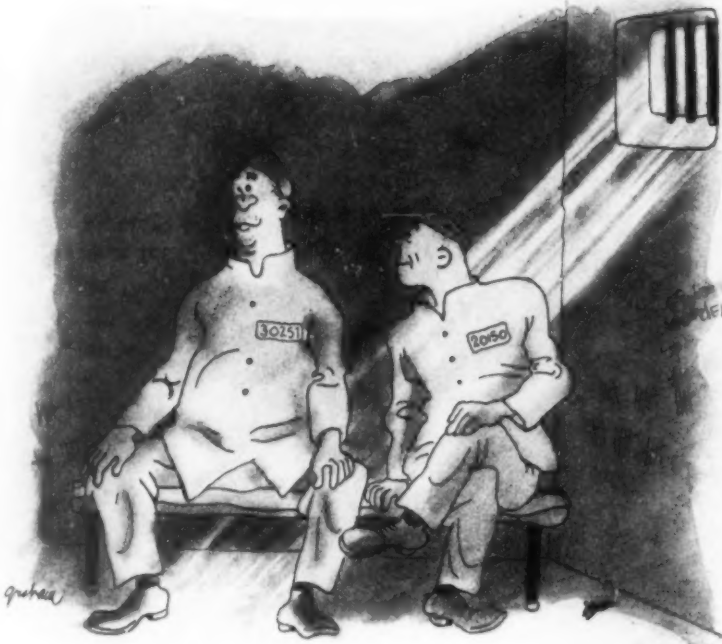
Phil Dobson, superintendent of the streets and sewers department, together

with three members of the board of public works, is vacationing in Mexico City and Charley Canfield, the city engineer, sends a very pleasant postcard

from Quebec saying he is having a fine time and wishes we all were there. I myself am leaving tonight for a well-earned rest in the Bahamas.

Through a miscalculation, Ralph Johns, the city purchasing agent, disappeared the day before we appointed him to office, unwittingly bettering the record of his nearest predecessor by a cool 48 hours. I rather fancy that will be a mark hard to equal.

PERHAPS the most outstanding achievement of this administration this past year has been the reorganization of the police department, particularly the police band (which was drawing its last breath) and the tug-o-war team. This latter was notoriously weak, being pulled all over the field by towns like Albany, Utica and Saratoga Springs and losing the 1932 series to the Vassar scrubs. This was largely due, I found, to internal politics which permitted bantam-weights to join up whose only interest was in being able to pose for photographs with their shirts off. Our grunting was decidedly under standard and on two occasions the anchor man showed up for contests wearing dancing slippers. We now have four capable men standing on the sidelines each game, grunting for the team.



"I can't understand how you ever got close enough to a woman to strangle her."



"It's been hectic these past few weeks. I need to get out and have some fun."

We built up the police band in quick order, transferring two cornets, a trombone, a base horn and a part-time piccolo player from the Fire Department.

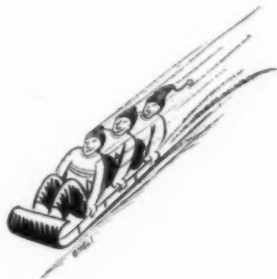
We can be proud, I think, of the streets and sewers department which has virtually made a fetish of thoroughness, in some instances paving the same street twice within the year. One hundred and eighty miles of new paving was laid and fifty miles of old paving was laid, and all but twenty-two miles has been accounted for. The missing twenty-two miles has been a source of deep chagrin to the department as the district engineer certainly recollects laying them somewhere. Due to an inadvertence or a Monday morning hangover the clerk of the works failed to note the job in his daily log and now only vaguely recalls that the neighborhood seemed pink and slightly fuzzy. Blind advertisements in all the newspapers have brought no results. If there happens to be twenty-two miles of new paving in your community, do drop the department a post-card and receive its profound thanks.

AS for publicity, the city has done well, indeed. In the indictment of 42 inspectors of the weights and measures division we ran up a total of 10,000 column inches and 43 illustrations, mostly of a blonde with legs crossed, examining weights and measures; in the investigation into the city pound, 21,060 column inches and 102 illustrations of a blonde with legs crossed examining pounds; and concerning the deficit, 4,200 column inches and 23 illustrations of a blonde with legs crossed examining deficits.

I am pleased also to report that I have not neglected my own personal wardrobe and am now twenty-one morning coats and a white and black striped necktie ahead of any other mayor in the country.

Respectfully, etc.

—Doug Welch.



"I was just changing my mind about jumping and then I thought 'Oh, why not?'"



Why I Shall Never Be Considered an Intellectual

I HAVE been heard to say that a Mickey Mouse picture bores me.

I have a pronounced aversion for Mae West.

I admit that I don't have the slightest idea whether inflation does any harm or good, but I don't say so in public.

I have never made a wise-crack about the length of "Anthony Adverse."

I still don't know whether Cabell rhymes with "rabble" or with "hell".

I never could ride a bicycle.

I have no reverence at all for Al Smith as a great statesman, and as a matter of fact I rather dislike him.

I like Ogden Nash somewhat, but I think some of his rhymes really are far-fetched.

I find the New York Times book section a little wordy, and I often say so.

I have a sort of a sneaking liking for William Randolph Hearst.

I never say "Poor Hoover!".

I can never think of any cocktail to order except a Dry Martini.

I think H. T. Webster's "Timid

Soul" is fairly funny, but I can go for weeks without reading it.

I rather have an idea that those Scottsboro negro boys were guilty but I don't know.

I am a little shocked at nudist colonies.

I think the "Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" is awfully silly.

I've always rather admired the way Gene Tunney comports himself.

I have no particular liking for eating hamburgers in lunch wagons.

I think there are some strikers upon whom the police should use billy clubs.

I think Sinclair Lewis deserved the Nobel Prize.

I don't like these new checked suits.

I get so indignant at Aimée Semple McPherson that I forget to treat her in conversation with an amused tolerance.

I have not given up reading Walter Winchell and I still quote him every once in a while.

—Arthur Silverblatt.

Our hunch is that something really interesting to overhear would be Ripley telling a friend about a nightmare.

MACHINE AGE

THREE blows on the knocker with an uncanny precision of touch, measured and mechanical. No one selling needles or pencils would knock like that. I decided to answer.

There on my doorstep stood a being whose appearance compelled me to stare in frank amazement. He wore a natty suit of steel wool and asbestos. Around his neck was fastened a tag which read:

Bessemer Machine and Finishing Co.
Ready for test run.

Inspected by . . . Hankins.

A robot, I decided. Unfinished in some respects—a cotter pin and a wing nut missing here and there. Nevertheless a polished, smiling robot, with an evil glint in his vacuum tubes.

Not the least embarrassed by my scrutiny, he spoke affably. "Good morning, sir. I hope you will pardon my unfinished condition for I am merely out on a test run." Unable to speak, I simply stared at him.

"Look," he said. "My last operation." He unbuttoned his coat. "A plate was removed from my chest and is now in the milling machine and a power tube was removed from my defense mechanism."

"I am deeply impressed," I said, not wishing to commit myself any further.

"Quite. Now, sir, I am Salovox, leased by good old Bessemer to the New Idea Publishing Company, and I have come to present you with a complimentary copy of that startlingly frank and amazing book, *Marine Life in the Caspian Sea*."

Realizing that the trend of the conversation was now in a direction in which I had had some experience, I protested feebly and started backing up. But Salovox had been designed to meet just such emergencies. There was a low frequency rumble in his chest, followed by a click as he thrust his foot in the door and flashed a deprecating smile.

"And then we will mail you for five years at nominal cost, the *Deep Sea Divers' Magazine*."

"No, I don't believe—"

"Wait a minute. All I need is a few more months at Bessemer, to get that new plate in my chest and a few ad-

justments to my defense mechanism. Then I will be awarded my name plate. You see—I am working my way through college."

Upon discovering this flaw in the almost perfect machine, I reached out and stuck my thumb in his eye, putting out two vacuum tubes. He collapsed dejectedly on the steps, muttering, "I'd gladly die for dear old Bessemer."

—F. W. Hoorn.

Questionnaire for Débutantes

Q. What is the correct way to enter a ballroom?

A. With eight men.

Q. Wearing what?

A. A silver lamé dress and an expression of supreme indifference.

Q. How should a débutante behave

at a coming-out party?

A. As if she were afraid she might have a good time unless extremely careful.

Q. What is a wallflower?

A. A girl who dances six steps without being cut in on.

Q. How late should one be for the theatre?

A. An hour and ten minutes is considered *de rigueur*.

Q. *De* what?

A. *Rigueur*. That's French.

Q. I know it's French. If you don't like this country, why don't you go back where you came from?

A. One must speak French to be "in the swim."

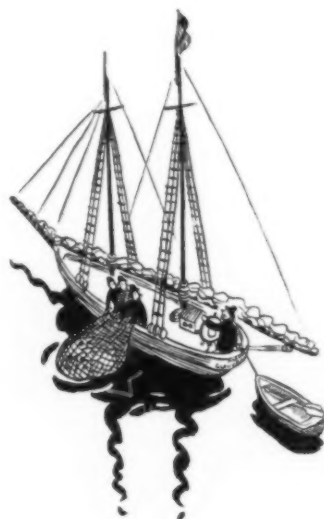
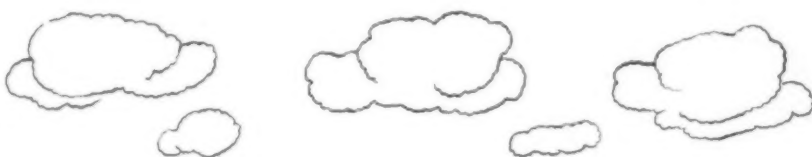
Q. How many of New York's "Four Hundred" are really in the swim?

A. All eight thousand of them.

Q. Should all of them be invited to the coming-out party?

A. It doesn't matter. They'll be there.

—Norman R. Jaffray.



"The Captain promised me I could steer going home."

THE TEA LEAF READING

WELL, the leaves say you are a very fussy person.

Oh, but I'm not at all. I'm awfully sloppy. You ought to see my room when I dress. I leave everything all over the place. A stocking here and a glove there. It's perfectly terrible.

Yes, but—

And my letters, too. Always ink blots, and misspelling, and I never can stay on the line. I simply write the sloppiest letters. Always lip rouge on the envelope and everything.

No, you're fussy. You may not know it, but you are. You're going to have a very important communication from San Francisco.

But I don't know anyone in San Francisco. I had a girl-friend once, who was there on her way to Los Angeles, but that was about four years ago. Oh, there's a friend of mother's there now, but I know she wouldn't write to me. She doesn't like me a bit. In fact, she hates me. Not many people hate me, but she does. Now, I wonder who could write me from San Francisco. Oh, this bothers me. Movie stars go to San Francisco quite a bit, don't they?

Yes, but it won't be a movie star. I see three men in your life—

You're perfectly right! Oh, I think you're wonderful. How do you do these things? I've always thought reading the tea leaves was just sort of silly, but when you said that it took the breath away from me. Three men! What is it, something psychic or something? You don't just see that in the leaves, do you? Of course, there really is a fourth man, too. But three is a pretty good guess. And then, maybe Eddie ought to be counted, too. Yes, I think Eddie ought to be counted. He isn't very serious yet, but still I think he should be counted, don't you?

No, I wouldn't count him if I were you. There are only three men who really matter.

Why, what do you mean? You think Eddie doesn't count? A man with the grand truss business he has and everything? Why, he has one of the biggest truss businesses in this city. Everybody says so.

But he doesn't really affect your life—

Oh, but he has! I gave up mascara for him. He said he liked my eyelashes plain, so I leave them plain now, except



"It isn't ALL true, sir—I wrote some of it with my typewriter in my cheek."

for just a tiny bit in the evening. He doesn't even notice it. I think it's really the principle of mascara that he doesn't like, not what it actually does to you. You know, I think this tea leaf reading is simply wonderful. Imagine your

getting a little thing like mascara. I don't know how you do it! Are you really a gypsy? Or is it the clothes you wear? You sure got me right. Sometimes I think there's a little bit of gypsy in me, too.—Aleen Wetstein.

CAROLINA MOON

NOTHING could be finer than to be in Carolina
Where the moonshine still is working day and night,
Nothing could be slicker than to make a little lick
When the revenue collector's out of sight.
Nothing could be sweeter than to sell it by the liter
Or the barrel or the jorum or the gill,
And I'm tellin' you, my honey, we can make a lot of money
When the Carolina Moon is in a still.

Nothing could be better, now the other states are wetter,
Than for both the Carolinas to be dry,
What could be divinah than the Moon of Carolina
When the legal kind of liquor is so high?
Prohibition's finished but with ardor undiminished
Carolina's busy, night and noon,
Flooding all the nation with the liquid radiation
Flowing from the Carolina Moon!

—Berton Braley.

"Guess Who" Revived as a National Pastime!

Some Glowing Reports from Ardent Enthusiasts

by Dr. Seuss

Diver's Delight

(Left) "When you're down under water," writes Ned Fren, diver, "the boss never knows when you're working or not. So we while away time by playing 'Guess Who.' There are only two of us, but we are both wretched guessers and our games string along for hours on end."



Wonderful for the Whiskered

(Right) "Talk all you want about playing it with hands," writes Zach Winkler. "But if you want to see some *real* 'Guess Who,' drop in some time at the House of David! Fingers lack volume, and you're too apt to be seen. But there's nothing like a beard for forestalling all peekage."



The Bachelor's Boon

(Left) "I am a confirmed bachelor," writes a confirmed bachelor, "but when 'Guess Who' hit town I almost got married. I could live without love, but not without a partner for this glorious game. Luckily I was saved by a wonderful hunch. An automatic Guess Whoer now fills my needs amply,—and has much softer hands than women have anyhow."



Splendid for Spinsters

(Right) "This 'Guess Who' game is *more* than a game," comes word from a New England spinster. "It is a godsend! It has wrought miracles! Only last night I 'Guess Whoed' a burglar hiding under my bed. After three guesses he gave in."



TORPEDOES

THE problem of the dog next door that barked in the night under my bedroom window went through the stages of its owner not being very helpful about it and my refusing to move to another bedroom before I hit upon the torpedo plan. I obtained a beautiful big box of the little tissue-paper bags of pebbles containing a large explosive cap with which small boys celebrate the Fourth of July. One of these, I found, was wonderfully effective when dropped on the cement driveway between the houses. The dog stopped barking immediately and slunk back into his little house.

This treatment went ahead very nicely until one night about two o'clock the dog awakened me by his barking. Methodically I rose, obtained a dose, stuck my head out of the window, and dropped it. The explosion that night rang out more resoundingly than ever. The dog, tail between his legs, raced for his house. Then, out of the echoes, a voice demanded: "Who fired that shot?"

I recognized the voice of Officer Mulligitawny, the policeman on our beat, and admitted to having caused the explosion. He said he wanted to see me, so I went downstairs and opened the door. Officer Mulligitawny was standing there with a huge revolver in his hand. He was shaking a little and he was very white. "What's going on here?" he asked.

I explained about the dog and the torpedo treatment. But he didn't pay much attention. "You got a permit to possess a gun?" he asked.

Once again I outlined the situation and laid stress on the fact that there was no firearm involved. When he finally grasped the idea, the blood came back into his face first with relief and then with anger. He put away his revolver and instructed me to fire off no more torpedoes. I told him that that depended on the dog. "It don't depend on no dog," he said. "It depends on the law."

We discussed that for a little while

and all Officer Mulligitawny could do was to scratch his head about the grounds upon which I would be prosecuted if I exploded any more torpedoes. Then he left without reaching a definite conclusion.

I was about to return to bed when the doorbell rang. It was Officer Mulligitawny again. He had evidently been thinking things over with more success. Certainly he had completely regained his nerve, for he handed me a summons based upon the claim that I was breaking an ordinance having to do with the use of fireworks within the city limits.

There was no way to continue the torpedo treatment except by fighting the case, and my lawyer was extremely clever at confusing Officer Mulligitawny when he took the stand.

"Did you see a torpedo?" my lawyer asked. No, Officer Mulligitawny admitted, he had not. "Then

how do you know it was a torpedo?" Because, Officer Mulligitawny triumphantly replied, I, the defendant, had told him it was. But I, the defendant, did not testify or admit in court to any torpedo, with the result that the case was dismissed and Officer Mulligitawny was advised that it would be necessary for him to obtain actual evidence, such as a piece of the law-breaking object, before there was any hope of obtaining a conviction.

THE torpedo treatment, I am happy to say, is still going ahead, though Officer Mulligitawny has his own feelings about it and is laying for me. Nights after explosions I see him down below my window with a flashlight fervently trying to find a tell-tale bit of paper or some recognizable part of my ammunition that has not entirely destroyed itself in the concussion. So far he has failed miserably and I am sure he will continue to do so until the dog has learned forever not to bark, for my torpedoes are excellent in their own field and I have every faith in them.

—Theodore Pratt.



"It isn't your drinking—it's your barking like a sea lion that gripes me!"



WINTER SPORTS FORECAST

Dancing

DANCING will claim its usual number of devotees this winter, together with their husbands. The protests of the latter that they are too tired to go out dancing will be as unoriginal and as futile as ever. Of course there will be some husbands—the newer ones—who will affirm their eagerness to dance, giving the wifely friends of their wives something to talk about in a shaming way when arguing with their reluctant spouses. This, on occasion, will make for a certain coolness in the men's cloakroom.

It is safe to predict that the good old standbys, the fox trot and the waltz—or what have passed for years as those good old standbys—will be most highly favored. These will be performed with variations and, usually, with set lips and grim jaws. There will be a curious similarity in the fox trots and waltzes as performed by the more mature dancers, the evolutions of the one having a marked likeness to those of the other. A popular pastime among those sitting on the sidelines will consist of slyly phrased speculation as to what some of the more breathless couples are trying to do.

In every dancing party, there will be one woman who will want to do the rhumba and the husbands of three other women who will volunteer to assist. Ordinarily, the wives of the volunteers will reserve their comments until they are on the way home, thus denying

the other guests some innocent fun. But even before they start home, the volunteers will wish they hadn't been so eager, for the rhumba—even with another man's wife—is more fun to watch than to do.

Dances attended by youngsters in college as well as by their elders will arouse the usual amount of speculation. The elders will wonder how the boys and girls dance the way they do, and the youngsters will wonder why the old

folks dance the way they do. The season's most pathetic sight will be witnessed here when a father tries to keep up with his whirlwind daughter.

—John C. Emery.

The Perfect Citizen

HE was the first man to sign the code for his business.

He pays his taxes the day they are due and has never missed a payment on his house.

He was not caught in any closed banks. He still has the securities he bought ten years ago.

He never borrowed on a life insurance policy.

He buys a new automobile every season. He never had a check bounce back.

He has nothing but praise for both this Administration and the preceding one.

He predicted both the deflation and the recovery.

In fact, he is the perfect citizen.

He can't understand why he has no friends.

—McCready Huston.

Either prosperity has come to Kansas, or else the farmers are just crazy with the wheat.

How can we recognize Russia when, after four years of depression, we can hardly recognize the United States?



"We can't send him any more expense money—send him a pair of dice."



"They say the guy that lives there is a rugged individualist."

CAREFREE COLLEGE DAYS

I SAW Alec the other day—Alec who is a senior at the same college I attended in the dim distant past. "You lucky dog," I said to him, barely restraining sentimental tears at the thought of the good old days—"You don't know how much I envy you—happy—without a care in the world—just—"

Alec nodded—rather slowly and thoughtfully, I noticed. "It's all right," he rejoined.

"All right!" I exclaimed. "Why it's heaven! College days are the happiest in one's life. Take my junior year for instance, on the evening after we beat Suburbia 10-3. Did we raise the devil! Pulled a street car off its tracks, painted the door of the Dean's house red, organized—"

"I didn't see the game this year," interrupted Alec. "Football's pretty dead now, and nobody plays it except sophomores. Everybody else is too busy. I had a five thousand word thesis to write, and a conference with my tutor. The standards since you were there—"

"Well," I acknowledged, "of course football has its off years just like anything else, but you're lucky to be in college just the same. When I

think how I slave and worry now—well, I wouldn't want to depress you. Anyhow, you're in good old Phi Kap, aren't you? I guess you throw some mean parties?"

"I was in it," said Alec, "but I resigned. Waste too much time around fraternities. Can't study with a mob of sophomores around. Fact is, I spend practically all the time at the library. Taking six courses, and two laboratory periods. I have to put in at least ten hours a day studying. Pretty near everybody does if they want to keep off pro."

"I know," I said. "We used to study some too, but you've got to admit that life is a picnic in college." I paused. "Say," I suggested. "How about getting a girl and going out dancing?" Alec shook his head.

"Can't," he said. "Got to study."

"Study! But this is vacation!"

"Yes," he replied, "but I have another ten thousand word thesis due on the day I get back. I've got to go up to the Public Library, and look up some material. The standards at college since you were there have—"

"Yes," I said. "Well, so long."

—Parke Cummings.

Things You'd Never Know Unless We Told You

EVERY day the janitors of Radio City Music Hall have to clean out twenty-eight hundred ash trays.

London air has about three times as much soot in it as New York City air.

Fourteen hundred and fifty-six "women paperhangers" were listed in the last United States Census.

Of all the types of retail establishments in the United States, the drug store is the one most frequently entered.

More than a million people in the United States can't speak English.

Germany is the most spectacle-wearing nation in the world. The United States comes second and Great Britain third.

Shakespeare planted two hundred and fifty puns in *Love's Labor Lost*.

While Admiral Byrd was away on his Antarctic trip, more than twenty-five hundred messages passed between him and his wife.

The daily-calisthenics idea really originated in China ten centuries ago, and is practically worthless from a health standpoint, anyway.

The School Board of Brackenridge, Pennsylvania, does not hire teachers who smoke—not even if they only do so privately at home. The board feels that "the news is likely to leak out and the pupils hear of it."

If an electric light is too bright, dust should be allowed to accumulate on the bulb for thirty days. At the end of this time, the diffusion of light will be reduced forty per cent.

Kittens do not hunt mice instinctively. They have to learn to do so by imitating the older cats.

—W. E. Farbstein.







Are you air-minded?

We don't mean flying. We mean air to breathe, when you ride in a closed automobile. Such air as Fisher No Draft Ventilation gives you—safely free from treacherous drafts, healthfully fresh, pleasantly cleared of smoke. You will find, when you view the new cars at the Motor Shows, that many of them have paid this patented Fisher advantage the tribute of seeking to approximate it. But if you're really air-minded, it's well to know that only on General Motors cars will you find Fisher No Draft Ventilation, for only these cars have the genuine health and safety advantages and distinction of Body by Fisher.



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VOL. 101

"While There's Life, There's Hope"

NUMBER 2586

FOR the members present who may not have been around in time to carry a torch for Bryan in the election campaign of 1896, money will probably be something which one has on Saturday night and may not have on Monday morning. That, we confess, has been our way of thinking of it. You have ten bucks or you don't have ten bucks. Very simple. But when you find that the ten bucks you cherish so fondly are in reality only five bucks, it becomes complicated and not a little indecent.

After reading two books and seven articles and sitting in solitude with our head in our hands for the better part of a week, we have discovered that money is one subject about which we know nothing whatsoever. On any other topic we are prepared to give 24-hour service, with a definite and final decision which will solve the problem for all time. On money all we can do is set down the arguments and trust that no reader will lose his fortune from action arising out of anything transpiring here. And yet, as we shall seek to show, there is nothing quite so important to all of us as the quality of our money, the value of it.

So far it has been a battle between President Roosevelt and Wall Street, meaning the financial community of the country whether situated in New York City or elsewhere. The President wants a managed currency and they want a return to the gold standard. What they call it is a return to the "sound" dollar. Mr. Roosevelt makes the point that we had the gold standard for many years and it finally wound up last March with all the banks closed, industry stagnant and the country as nearly flat on its back as at any time since the Civil War. Since Wall Street places so much reliance on experience as contrasted to theory, it is difficult to see how they can explain away that circumstance. We said we had no opinion on the matter but from the point of common sense it seems to us that the

bankers would be on sounder ground if they dropped the idea that the gold dollar was handed down from on high and concentrated their efforts on getting the dollar stabilized, no matter on what basis. It is the uncertainty of the thing which upsets business.

Alfred E. Smith refers to Roosevelt's "boloney" dollars and Senator Borah replies that the gold dollar was the most dishonest dollar ever invented. Professor Sprague resigns from the Treasury and Father Coughlin agitates the zephyrs with appeals for support of the President. Observers arise to remark that there are only a few countries left on the gold standard—France, Holland and Switzerland, and they may be off before this sees print—and that Great Britain, for one, has been doing handsomely on a managed currency basis. In reply there is the charge that inflation can only ruin the country.

IT is plain that there will be vigorous support for inflation when the New Congress convenes, weighted with representatives from the West and South intent on relief for their constituents. Whether their de-



(Roosevelt Recognizes Soviet Russia)
"Say, don't bother about the dollar for a moment; see what I've discovered up in the sky!"

—PUNCH, London.

mands will lead to the starting of the printing presses remains to be seen. The President has attempted to anticipate their demands with his present monetary policy. Quite the most ironic sight of all will be the old-line Republicans flirting with the idea of bimetallism. In short, the free coinage of silver and gold. In short, what William Jennings Bryan was slain for. This can stand as the humorous part of the editorial.

UNLESS you are aware of the history of money, you may be led to suppose that the gold standard was among the tablets handed down by Moses from Sinai. As a matter of fact, we had the double standard until 1873. As recently as 1894, such Republican reactionaries as Henry Cabot Lodge, Nelson Aldrich and Senator Hoar were anxious for the reinstatement of silver. If there is a moral in all this it is that there is no such thing as a "natural" dollar. Nature has very little to do with it. The value of money is fixed by the various governments and can be unfixed as the necessity arises. The control of money is the control of life.

But what does it mean to us? It means everything to us. The man who would be bored now by the discussion of the money question would be equally unmoved by the sight of his family in collapse from starvation. Literally, it is a problem which can mean the difference between life and death. By the manipulation of money one district can be ruined and another made wealthy. The tragedy of it is that the white collar man, the salaried man and the workers suffer under both deflation and inflation. They suffer from violent wage cuts during deflation and can never keep up with the rising cost of living during inflation. Fascism in Germany is almost directly an outgrowth of the inflation which ruined the middle class of that country.

If the money policy isn't right, nothing is right. Our most beloved aphorisms become nonsense. A stitch in time may not save nine at all. We may save the pennies and see the dollars vanish before us. Honesty may not be the best policy. Of all the courses of study that could be mentioned now, none can compare in importance with the study of the money question. For our own sakes, we should all know more about it.



LIQUOR...

A heartening word about quality

AFTER these 14 years of barred distillery doors, of rusting vats and stills, of grapes rotting on neglected vines, and empty warehouses, in which fine old whiskey should have been richly mellowing—after these 14 years of such discouraging inactivity, you must be inclined to wonder how really fine wines and spirits may now be produced or bought.

The Schenley Distillers Corporation has a cheering word for you today. Though, during those dark years, many discouraged leaders of our country's legitimate liquor industry lost their hope, and turned to other trades, yet there still were a few who never lost faith in the ultimate decision of America's millions. Never disheartened, those few, born and bred with all the treasured traditions of this great industry, have been building earnestly, soundly, confidently through those 14 years of shadow, in preparation for the dawn.

Plants and Equipment

During your long wait, this undiscouraged organization has been quietly visiting and inspecting the most famous plants throughout the country—the plants whose



methods, equipment and personnel had produced the choicest liquors in the land. Year after year, when the merits of various institutions had been thoroughly weighed, we gathered together under our protection those distilleries and warehouses which measured up to our highest standard.

Golden Wedding

One of the Schenley Corporation's very first victories was the acquisition of Jos. S. Finch & Company, the respected old Pennsylvania concern that had been making *Golden Wedding* whiskey ever since 1863, when its output was but three barrels per day. To this world-famed whiskey and its distillery on the Allegheny River is due, in a great part, the high reputation of Pennsylvania whiskeys—for in the whiskey world, the cask-mellowed spirits from the Allegheny and Monongahela valleys rival the age-old brandies from the valley of Cognac.

Old Stagg, O. F. C.

Down in the Kentucky Bluegrass region, there is an equally famous old distillery

—The Geo. T. Stagg Company plant, established way back in 1837.

In the historic distillery of Geo. T. Stagg they have carried on a tradition generations old—making whiskey in little fifty-gallon tubs—mixing, fermenting, and watching each little batch with as much tender care as a mother making a birthday cake for her one and only. Such a renowned institution, with its devotion to the finer traditions of the whiskey business, is the type of institution which most attracted the interest of Schenley. It was indeed a bright spot in the darkness that day when Schenley closed a deal which added to the already impressive list of brands the two famous brands of Geo. T. Stagg . . . *Old Stagg* and *O. F. C.*



James E. Pepper

There was still another whiskey in the Bluegrass country which has always shared the demand for finer whiskey with *Old Stagg* and *O. F. C.* That whiskey is *James E. Pepper*—a favorite with three separate generations. James E. Pepper, "Born with the Republic"—your father and grandfather will remember that slogan—and that marvelous flavor. Founded way back in 1780 while George Washington was still alive, this grand old brand has enjoyed a reputation for upholding its original quality that has caused it to survive for 143 years, while thousands have come and gone. The Schenley Distillers Corporation—fortunate enough to add *James E. Pepper* to its ever-growing list—is fully mindful of the treasure it is holding in its hands—and faith will be kept with its ancient founder.

Old Quaker, Monticello, Greenbrier, Melvale, Gibson, Sam Thompson, Belle of Anderson

So on through the years—famous names, famous brands, secrets, formulae, warehouses, yes—and stocks of precious old



liquor have been accumulated and guarded by Schenley for you when the day arrives. *Old Quaker, Monticello, Greenbrier, Melvale, Gibson, Sam Thompson, Belle of Anderson*—and scores of other match-

less brands you used to enjoy—you will still enjoy, for Schenley has not been idle. It has preserved them all.

Old equipment in all these plants has

been modernized. New equipment has been installed. Warehouses have been repaired, new buildings have been put up. Thousands of barrels have been made and charred. The choicest grains have been bought and binned. Preparing for this day did not begin yesterday . . . It began in 1919, and has continued year in and year out. And you will reap the harvest.

The Men Behind the Famous Brands

Those men, who have persisted through these years in preserving the integrity of the famous brands of bygone days, are whiskey men, born with all the better traditions of this ancient industry in their blood.

In charge of the Geo. T. Stagg distillery, you will find its loyal president, Albert Blanton, whose grandfather originally owned the site on which the present distillery was built—and whose father operated the little distillery which pre-



ceded the modern one standing on this spot today.

There too you will meet George Stagg's devoted son, Frank, who has never known another job than this. And if you ask who that veteran right-hand man of president Blanton may be, watching the quality of *Old Stagg* and *O. F. C.* with an eye trained through over forty years of whiskey experience, they will proudly tell you: "That's W. B. Fithian—he's been here since 1889."

Go up to the *Golden Wedding* plant, and you'll find the story just the same. The grandfather of the modern distilling industry, Harry Wilken, will be there to greet you. And the Dean of yeast chemistry, Dr. Alfred Lasche—for 20 years the head of one of America's most famous schools for distillers—he, too, has been there, helping safeguard *Golden Wedding* quality ever since 1921.

And so it goes in the Schenley organization. Men, distilleries, equipment, warehouses, formulae, secrets—and rich ripe liquor—fully matured through the years. This is no idle promise of quality to you; it is cold figures. According to the recent official estimates, there now stands under the guardianship of the Schenley Distillers Corporation at least 25% OF THE TOTAL WHISKIES NOW EXISTING IN THE UNITED STATES. For your

Schenley DISTILLERS CORPORATION

and FAITH

... for the 73% who voted "Yes"

convenience we have listed the brands which we can honestly sponsor. Ten of your minutes spent upon committing this list to memory should repay you many, many times!

Imported Wines, Brandies and Liqueurs

In July of last year, when the strongest kind of public sentiment pointed in favor of repeal, the Schenley wheels were set in motion to secure the agency for the Old Country's choicest wines and liqueurs. Because of our faith in early repeal, we fearlessly made connections with the oldest continental establishments, securing by our prompt action what we believe to be universally acknowledged the finest list of foreign goods that will be offered to the American public.

To the Schenley Wine & Spirit Import Corporation has been awarded the sole agency for Dubonnet—an aperitif and cocktail ingredient with a unique flavor and bouquet that has made it the first choice of millions. Gonzalez Byass, one of the greatest port and sherry houses of the world, and particularly famous for its delicious *Diamond Jubilee* brand, likewise gave to Schenley its American representation. And Bacardi, with a matchless mellowness and delicacy that has made it the standard of the world—Bacardi, too, is on the exclusive list of Schenley importations. Barton & Guestier Sauternes, Clarets and Burgundies; Charles Heidsieck and Morlant Champagnes, Noilly Prat French Vermouth, Bardinet Liqueurs, D. Leiden Rhine and Moselle Wines, Henkes' Holland Gin, Barone Ricasoli renowned Brolio Chianti, Peter F. Heering Cherry Liqueur, Drioli Maraschino, George Roe Irish Whiskey of the Dublin Distillers



Co., Bulldog Bass Ale and Bulldog Guinness Stout—these names speak for the quality and variety you may expect from Schenley far more eloquently than our mere words could ever do. When you seek a wine, brandy or cordial of rare flavor, of supreme quality beyond question, your thoughts will wander to those famous old names listed on this page—and you may rest assured that they will be delivered through your dealer in the most perfect condition, for in the cool Schenley cellars they will be guarded like the precious treasures that they are.

Famous brands sponsored by Schenley affiliates

JOS. S. FINCH & CO., Inc., Schenley, Pa.

GOLDEN WEDDING GIBSON'S BELLE OF ANDERSON MELVALE
GREENBRIER BLACKSTONE
SILVER WEDDING GIN NAPA VALLEY BRANDY SAM THOMPSON
MONTICELLO HENRY WATTERSON

The GEO. T. STAGG CO., Inc., Frankfort, Ky.

OLD STAGG O. F. C. OLD BARBEE CARLISLE HAMPTON
MIRRORBROOK CARLTON HOUSE GIN PERE BATISTE BRANDY

JAS. E. PEPPER & CO., Lexington, Ky.

JAMES E. PEPPER D. L. MOORE OLD HENRY CLAY INDIAN HILL
ECHO GIN HENRI PIERRE BRANDY

OLD QUAKER DISTILLERY, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

SAN MARTIN BRANDY OLD QUAKER FAIRLAWN BIG HOLLOW
HAVILAND ELK RIVER LONDON DOCK GIN

Famous importations sponsored by Schenley Wine and Spirit Import Corporation (affiliate of Schenley Distillers Corporation)

Sherries

GONZALEZ BYASS & CO.
JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, SPAIN

Port Wines

GONZALEZ BYASS & CO.
OPORTO, PORTUGAL

Bordeaux Wines

BARTON & GUESTIER, BORDEAUX, FRANCE
CLARETS, SAUTERNES AND OLIVE OIL

Burgundies

BARTON & GUESTIER, BEAUNE, FRANCE

Rhine and Moselle Wines

D. LEIDEN, COLOGNE, GERMANY

French Vermouth

NOILLY PRAT & CIE., MARSEILLES, FRANCE

Vintage Champagne

CHARLES HEIDSIECK, REIMS, FRANCE

Champagne

MORLANT (DE LA MARNE)
REIMS, FRANCE

Dubonnet

DUBONNET, PARIS, FRANCE

Maraschino

FRANCE CODRIOLI, ZARA, DALMATIA, ITALY

Liqueur Grande Chartreuse

LES PERES CHARTREUX
TARRAGONA, SPAIN

Liqueurs and Cordials

LES FILS DE P. BARDINET
BORDEAUX, FRANCE

Bacardi

COMPANIA RON BACARDI S. A.
SANTIAGO DE CUBA

Chianti (Brolio)

CASA VINICOLA BARONE RICASOLI
FLORENCE, ITALY

Tokay

FRANCIS PALUGVAY CO., LTD.
BUDAPEST, HUNGARY

Madeira

POWER DRURY & CO.
FUNCHAL, MADEIRA

Cherry Liqueur

PETER F. HEERING
COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

Gin (Geneva)

J. H. HENKES', ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND

Tarragona Port

JOSE LOPEZ BERTRAN
TARRAGONA, SPAIN

Lisbon Wine

J. SERRA & SONS, LTD.
LISBON, PORTUGAL

Bulldog Bass Ale

Guinness Stout
ROBERT PORTER & CO., LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND

Carlsberg Beer

CARLSBERG BREWERIES
COPENHAGEN, DENMARK



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FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge

NOW is the time when everybody is talking about "Starting the New Year Right." Lots of people talk about it, but so few of them really do it. We had a party last December 31st, and started at least one person off on the right track for the New Year. It was a boy named Bill and he had a mustache, a pale pink one and awfully stiff. All the girls were complaining about it. So we gave this party, and when the clock struck twelve we all got together, threw Bill and shaved off the brush.

However, Bill is an exceptional case. Generally, the things that annoy you about people you can't remove with a razor. But it does seem to me that at this time it would be possible to get a lot of important reforming done in a perfectly nice way. I mean by the intelligent use of New Year's Resolutions. It's downright discouraging to hear folks going around bragging that they've sworn off smoking and such, when resolutions like that are no real help to society. Take it from me, the only way to start the New Year right is to have your friends make your resolutions for you!

The kind of stuff that the average person resolves for himself is so dog-gone pointless! For example, this afternoon at the Bridge Club Gertrude Jones told us girls proudly that she's decided to stop chewing gum in 1934. Well, gosh, nobody gives a darn if Gert chews gum till she's dizzy! But

if she would only just swear off wiping lipstick on table napkins, every hostess in the land would offer up a prayer of thanks.

It's the little things about us that give our friends the willies. Take for instance, there's a boy I know who is about to hand his Heart Interest the air because no matter what happens, she always says "How TOO divine!" That may seem like a very small thing to wreck a big romance, but the constant dripping of dumb remarks will wear



"Tee hee, Bill—you're such fun to tickle!"

away any man's love in time.

And a girl friend of mine was telling me the other day that she's on the verge of a breakdown because her B.F. insists upon putting vaseline on his hair. "Unfortunately," she told me, "Eddie has an affectionate nature and just loves to rest his head on my shoulder. The vaseline may be awfully good for his scalp, but, ye gods, you should see the sleeves of my dresses!"



"Ogden, I do wish you wouldn't get that look on your face! I can never tell whether it's Love, or something you ate for dinner!"

Sometimes it's the things you do with the best intentions that make your friends want to slay you. I know of a lad who is going to be mangled some day because he rushes like mad to light girls' cigarettes for them and always burns off their eyelashes. And then there is the case of Myrtle Evans who keeps knitting socks for her boy friend, Joe. She always knits them too short, and the result is Joe's dogs are just a quivering mass of ingrowing toe nails. Between the chiropodist's bills and the pain of it all, his passion for Myrtle is rapidly turning to hate.

But, gosh, I could go on forever like this, there are so many distress-

ing cases. The point is, though, that all this grief could be easily cleared up if only people would make the right kind of New Year's resolutions. It may cure *your* jitters if you swear off gin for 1934, but will it cure your friends' jitters, too? No! We've simply got to stop being so selfish. Our President has said that in times like these we must think of the Other Fellow. And if it will make the Other Fellow more comfortable for you to stop blowing your nose like a fog horn or putting ice down the backs of evening

gowns, then it is your patriotic duty to swear off such pleasures.

So start the New Year right! Throw a party for your friends, and hand them all a pencil and paper and get them to write out a list of resolutions for each other. Then if everybody will just try hard to live up to their list, think how wonderful the world will be!

Come on, folks, all together now! Give your friends a New Deal instead of a Raw Deal in Nineteen Thirty Four!

Patchwork Couplets

"TO drop the cosmical constant would knock the bottom out of space."

"Any one can talk himself blue in the face."

—by Sir Arthur Eddington and Senator David A. Reed.

"There is no Santa Claus in times like these."

"One of the things I most enjoy is pruning trees."

—by Henry Ford and John Masefield.

—W. E. Farbstein.



*The little boy
who ate candy
before his supper*



STILL SERVES SWEET COCKTAILS



Tray, glasses, bitters bottle from Saks-Fifth Ave; decanter from B. Altman & Co.; shaker with red stripes from Bergdorf Goodman Co. In glasses — a Manhattan; 1 part rye or Irish whiskey, 1 part Martini & Rossi (½ Italy, ½ Dry), bitters, maraschino cherry.

• Roscoe, the playful little rascal (we'd like to break his leg), got so accustomed to having his appetite spoiled that he never outgrew it. He and his kind flourished during prohibition. The havoc they wrought on our digestions with their sweet, sickish, fruit-juice concoctions makes us shudder to think about. But luckily most of the Roscoes are learning the Fundamentals: that a cocktail was invented to *stimulate* the appetite—not dull it as sweet cocktails do. And they are going back to civilized drinks—made of vermouth—Martinis, Manhattans and the rest, which fill a cocktail's true purpose in life.

If you know one of the dilatory Roscoes, tell him about Martini & Rossi vermouth, the standard cocktail ingredient all over the world. Tell him that Martinis are made with Martini Vermouth. Add that he will

need both kinds—Italy and Dry [Green Label]—and that his grocer or druggist has them. And if he is a good friend of yours, urge him to act quickly—before some long suffering guest becomes a Turned Worm.

TRY VERMOUTH STRAIGHT, AS AN APÉRITIF

MARTINI
AND ROSSI
VERMOUTH

Imported and Guaranteed by W. A. TAYLOR & CO.

The Automatic Bartender is a fool-proof cocktail mixer. Makes 6 most famous: Martini, Manhattan, Bronx, Daiquiri etc., to correct recipes. Proportions on side. You can't make a mistake. In stores, would cost \$3.50 to \$4.00. Special price by mail, \$1.50. Use coupon.



W. A. TAYLOR & CO., 15K Laight Street, New York City. Please send me free your new booklet of revised recipes — "6 Civilized Cocktails — 6 Simple Canapés." ☐ Here is \$1.50 (\$1.75 west of Miss.) for which please send me the Automatic Bartender, complete with Swizzle Stick. ☐ Check preference and write name and address in the margin.

"This advertisement is not intended to offer these products for sale or delivery in any State wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful."



THE COLLEGE PARADE



HE: Will you marry me?
Heiress: No, I'm afraid not.
He: Oh, come on, be a support.
—California Pelican.

"How do you account for your success as a futuristic painter?"
"I always use a model with hiccups."
—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

WAR

Their stumbling in the dim twilight came to a halt as the captain pointed at their feet and whispered, "This is trench number three." "This is trench number three," repeated the sergeant to the general in a low whisper. "Righto," whispered the general in reply. They stumbled slowly a hundred yards further on and the captain whispered, "This is trench number two." "This is trench number two," whispered the sergeant in turn to the general. "Trench number two," came in a vibrant whisper from the general. A few hundred yards further the captain turned and whispered, "This is trench number one." "Trench number one right here," breathed the sergeant over his shoulder to the general. "Trench number one O.K.," whispered the general. The captain stood erect and peered into the murky haze and whispered, "The enemy first line trench is five miles north of here." "Five miles north of here?" repeated the general in a hoarse whisper. "Yes, sir," replied the captain in a soft whisper. "Then what in hell are we crawling on our hands and knees and whispering for?" roared the general. "I have a cold and cramps in my stomach," whispered the captain.

—Cornell Widow.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gets damn smooth.

—Princeton Tiger.

A college magazine is a great invention, The college gets all the fame;

The printer gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.
—Lehigh Burr.

"Yes, that's the price for two orchestra seats. Want 'em?"

"No, I think I'll take a Mediterranean cruise instead."

—Cornell Widow.

Sitting around the Beta house they were swapping lies.

"When I was up in Montana," said one of them, "I saw a mountain lion come right up to the camp one day. It was a fierce beast, but I, with great presence of mind, threw a bucket of water in its face and it slunk away."

"Boys," said a man sitting in the corner, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. A few minutes after that happened I was coming down the side of the hill. I met this lion, and as is my habit, stopped to stroke its whiskers. Boys, those whiskers were wet."

—California Pelican.

"Darling, am I the first man you ever loved?"



P.

**ACTION
PHOTO
OF A
SOCK IN THE PUSS**

—Cornell Widow.

"Yes, Reginald. All the others were fraternity boys."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Pa: The man who marries my daughter will need a lot of money.

Him: Then I'm just the man.

—Exchange.

Queen Elizabeth: Don't forget to come up for the week-end, Wally.

Sir Walter: Okay. Shall I bring my knight clothes?

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

A LOST LEADER—1933

Corey Ford is now writing fiction
for Collier's

WOOLLCOTT spluttered wildly; Dot Parker shook her head; Benchley muttered softly, "I'd rather see him dead!"

Crowninshield in mourning went sadly off to bed—

For Ford is writing stories—

Yes, Corey's writing stories—

For a humor-spurning public

In a five-cent magazine!

Ocean-going "Cradles" once more Joan Lowell steers;

Tully's beard needs shaving, forgetting Corey's jeers;

Frauds he once had trembling are raising hearty cheers—

Since Ford is writing stories—

Yes, Corey's writing stories—

For a humor-spurning public

In a five-cent magazine!

Funsters are bewailing an action "all too rash—"

(Corey writing fiction for ugly lures like cash)

But our hero now is smiling for the first time since the Crash!

For Ford is writing stories—

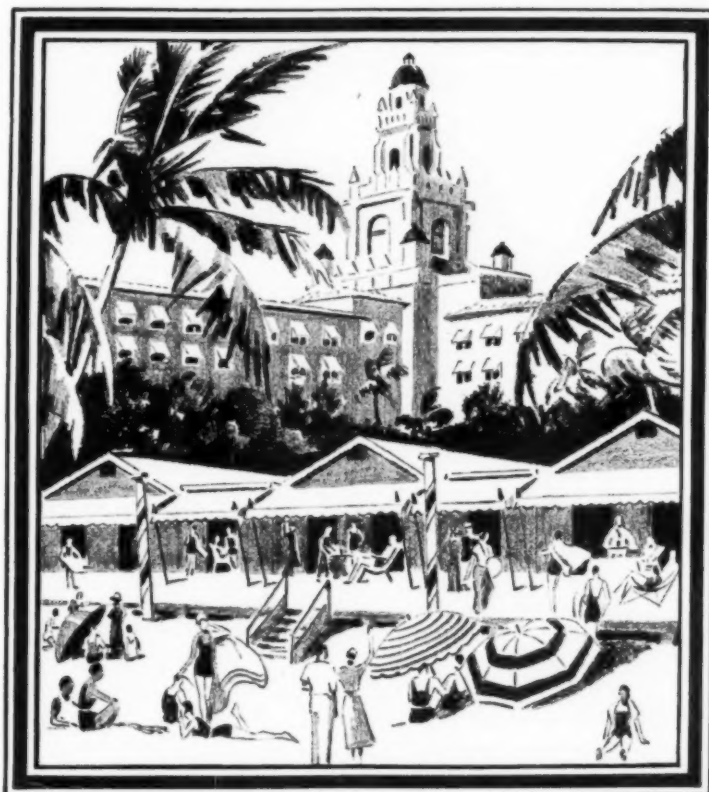
Yes, Corey's writing stories—

For a humor-spurning public

In a five-cent magazine!

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.

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Because it values the enviable position it enjoys in the play life of those who cherish a taste for good living and have the means to indulge it . . . because it appreciates that a keen sense of values is invariably the companion of good taste . . . the Roney Plaza has declined to permit

the bright outlook for better times to influence its tariff schedule. Rates this year at the Roney remain the same, while many physical improvements have been made to enhance the high standards of guest comfort, extraordinary service and brilliant social life which have made it famous.

Open from November 15th to May 1st. For literature, information and reservations write or wire direct to the hotel or see your travel agent.

RONEY PLAZA

M I A M I B E A C H F L O R I D A

THE MOVIES

As Seen By Harry Evans



any cracks about the word "career".) Of course there have been complaints, but, until now, never bitter.

Here's the squawk, and I believe my readers, if I may be so bold as to use the plural, will string along with me. It concerns the fair sex, and so before I get on with my bitterness, let me make myself clear on this point. Women are God's most magnificent handiwork. What could ever take the place of the soft feminine touch—the sweet feminine charm—the ecstatic feminine allure? In other words, I think they're hot stuff. But the movies overdo it. Or if they don't I haven't been getting the most out of life. I mean to say that I have not been meeting the right kind of gals.

Consider for a moment what the ladies of the cinema do for their men. Just recall a few of the movies you have seen recently, and think of the inspirational help the screen heroes received from their girl friends. Take the football picture, *College Coach*. The home team is trailing by 20 to 0, with only one reel to go. The backfield star isn't playing because he and the coach are mad at each other. So the girl goes to the athlete and says, "If you won't play for dear old Whoosis, play for me!" He should have turned her down because he had already made one play for her and she turned him down, but with her warm breath upon his cheek he forgets everything except that this beautiful creature is asking him to get out there and tote that pigskin. "And if we win . . .?" he asks, suggestively. "Who can tell?" she replies, just as suggestively, and breathes on him again. Well, what happens? The boy rushes out on the field and makes touchdowns as fast as they can hand him the ball. Final score 21 to 20. And all because of a little woman with a deep love for the old school, and a swell figure.

Then there is the film *Sweetheart of Sigma Chi*, titled, as you may have guessed, from the famous ditty of the same name. (You know—the one that rhymes, "Each fair co-ed, Like a rain-

bow's trail.") This one is about the stroke on the crew who goes into the Big Race without his heart in the job. It seems that his girl has returned his frat pin, and you know what that does to a fellow. So our shell is trailing at the halfway mark, and it looks pretty hopeless when the coxswain suddenly leans forward and whispers to the stroke, "Mary says she wants your pin again, and she will be waiting for it—and you—at the finish line." Of course you know what happens. With Mary waiting for his pin at the finish line, how could he lose?

The Prizefighter and the Lady reminds me forcefully of the amazing inspirational influence film females have over pugilists. Think of all the ring battles you have seen on the screen, and consider how many times you have seen some gal rush from her seat to the fallen fighter and whisper, "Get up, Joe. It's Mamie—your Mamie. You can't lose, Joe. Think of me. Think of Junior. I love you, Joe. So get in there and kill that big lug. Just for me . . . and Junior." It never fails—even without Junior.

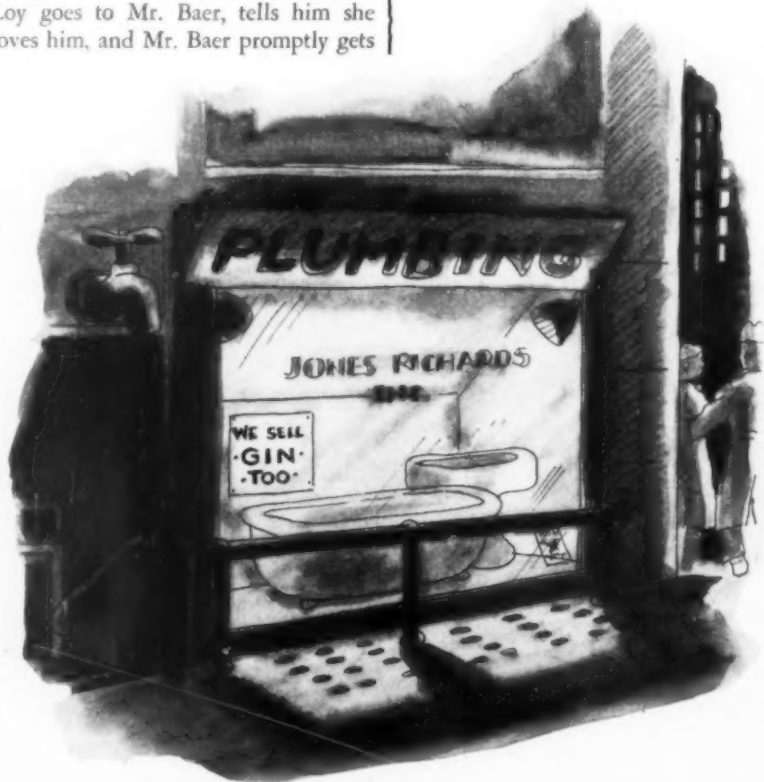
In *The Prizefighter and the Lady* Mr. Primo Carnera kicks Mr. Max Baer all over the place. For eight rounds he hits Mr. Baer with everything but the referee. Then Miss Myrna Loy goes to Mr. Baer, tells him she loves him, and Mr. Baer promptly gets

up off the floor and pops Mr. Carnera with such gusto during the next two rounds that he is given a draw. (When questioned later, the judges said, "Sure Carnera won. But could we spoil the movie?")

...

NOR does this influence of the screen ladies confine itself to physical inspiration. For instance—*Dancing Lady*. Miss Joan Crawford is a struggling chorus girl. Mr. Franchot Tone is enamored of Miss Crawford—wants to marry her and take her away from it all. However, she is ambitious about her stage career. "But if your show is a failure—what then?" queries Mr. Tone, in effect. "Well, maybe," Miss Crawford admits. In other words, if she can't make a living with her feet she will have to use her head. So what does Mr. Tone do? He pays the producer to close her show! There's a new one. I've heard of men doing all kinds of things to get a girl to give up the stage, but this is positively the first time on any screen that the villain has bribed the producer to throw the show in the ash can and leave the entire cast out of work. Its originality is only overshadowed by its utter absurdity. You must admit, however, that the incident bears out my contention about the influence of movie ladies over their men.

According to a popular legend, these movie stories are taken from life. The



advertisements assure you that the plots are fraught with human interest, and teeming with reality. In other words, if we are to believe what we see on the screen, this business of men being inspired to remarkable deeds by women has been going on a long time. I think it's the bunk. Last week I was out with three blondes and two brunettes. And if they helped me any it certainly doesn't show in this treatise.

...
INCIDENTALLY, *Dancing Lady* is good entertainment, except in its serious moments. When the heavy love interest rears its ugly head, the atmosphere becomes decidedly phony.

Mr. Astaire, who is generally recognized as Broadway's premier dancing comedian, was brought out to Hollywood at great expense, accompanied by all the ten-letter adjectives in the colorful repertoire of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department. According to the press notices, Mr. Astaire would be given as much attention in the film as Miss Crawford, Mr. Gable or Mr. Tone. The truth of the matter is that Fred is tied down to Miss Crawford's limitations as a hoofer, and it is quite evident that he was kept as far from the camera as possible.

It is unfair to judge Mr. Astaire from his work in this film, but reports from his second effort, *Flying Down To Rio*, indicate that he is given a real chance to do his stuff, and turns in a swell job. I hope so. The lad has great talent and, properly handled, he should be as fine an entertainer on the screen as he is on the stage.

...
IT is hardly necessary for me to remind you to see *Little Women* if you haven't. No more beautiful motion picture has ever been made. Don't let anything keep you away from it.

Only Yesterday is another one recommended to the ladies. But I must warn you that there is a deathbed scene between a mother and child that is carried to an unnecessary extreme. Otherwise, swell.

Don't see *The House On 56th Street*. One of the worst stories Kay Francis has been given. Unpleasant and depressing. *Son Of A Sailor* is a Joe Brown comedy that will tickle the kids. *Take A Chance* is a pretty fair musical film. *Sittin' Pretty* is a bad one—except for the tunes and the conscientious efforts of Jack Oakie, Ginger Rogers and Jack Haley. The story defeats them.

(For further notes see page 44)



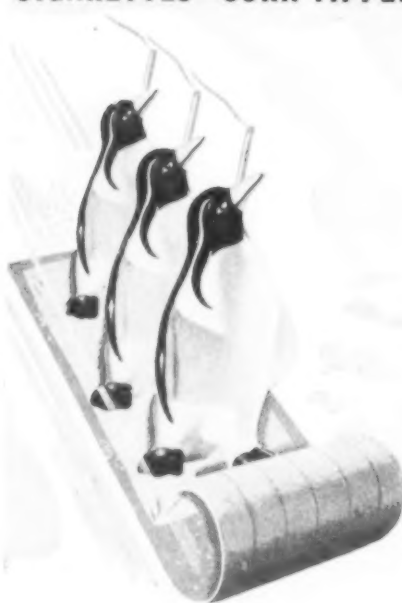
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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

FASCINATING BRIDGE HANDS

NO. 10

By John C. Emery

♠ A-K-10-8
 ♥ 10-9-5
 ♣ A-J-2
 ♦ K-10-6

♠ Q-7-6
 ♥ J-4
 ♣ K-8-7-6
 ♦ J-5-4-3

N	E
W	S

♠ 5-4-3
 ♥ 8-3-2
 ♣ 9-5-4-3
 ♦ 9-8-2

♠ J-9-2
 ♥ A-K-Q-7-6
 ♣ Q-10
 ♦ A-Q-7

PSYCHIC or bluff bids, of the sort so repulsive to honest, forthright folk but likewise effective in demoralizing the opposition, are highly popular this season, judging from reports sent in by players and kibitzers throughout the country. For an example of this sort of bidding, consider this month's most fascinating hand, submitted by Conrad E., of Kansas City, Mo., who was looking on at the time and who helped the East player to escape without grave injury. Mr. E. says that the East player was pretty thoroughly winded after outdistancing North and South, but he was still able to say, "Boy, it was worth it!"

Casual examination of the North and South hands will indicate that they contain a readily biddable and easily makable small or large slam in spades, hearts or no trump. Use of the four-five no trump bids should have marked the course clearly. But North and South did not go slam on their hands; with a 700-point rubber and the slam bonus almost within their grasp, they nipped the bidding in the bud and stopped at a contract of a mere three odd. For this, they had their East opponent to thank.

Here is how it happened: East was the dealer, with North and South the happy possessors of a newly-made game. Even before East looked at his own cards, he observed upon the face of his partner, West, that glum expression which indicates, in bridge circles throughout the world, the holder of a rotten hand. Hence, when East inspected his own Yarborough, it was but the work of a moment to decide that North and South had everything and would go game, if not slam, unless deterred. How to deter them was East's problem, and he decided that the solution lay in making a bluff bid of one

no trump. This East did, with a confident air, after mulling over his cards in the manner of one who holds pretty potent tickets.

The no-trump bid made South thoughtful, as East hoped it would, but he bid two hearts without much hesitation. West passed, and all eyes focussed upon North. Mr. E. informs us that upon North's face was a look of considerable uncertainty. North, one could see, wanted to announce the strength of his hand with a forcing bid. His thoughts were something like this: "We ought to have a game in these hands, unless South bid on nothing. But South can't have much when East has an opening no trump bid and I hold nearly four honor tricks. We're vulnerable and we don't want to get out on a limb." So North adopted the conservative course, and bid two spades.

East promptly passed, as one who expects his opponents to go game and is lying in wait with a blackjack to assault them—a bit of by-play which was not lost on North and South. Discretion being the better part of valor, South showed his rebidding strength by mentioning three hearts, and West passed again. Now North hesitated once more, with mixed feelings of hope and doubt. It still seemed to him that he and South should have a game between them, yet East's no-trump bid and the prospect of poor distribution made him pause. The penalties for getting set while vulnerable were very much in his thoughts. So North hemmed and hawed and at last, when pressed, decided that the bidding had gone far enough. He passed, and so, with a whoop of joy, did East. South, of course, made his grand slam with ease, and East fled precipitately, with the irate North and South at his heels.

HOLLYBROODY

(The movies are now doing Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland". What would Lewis Carroll have done to the movies?)

TWAS tracy, and the barrymores
Did lee and spencer till disabled,
All garbo were the marlene shores,
And the maewest clark outgabled.

"Beware the Hollybrood, my son,
The george that brents, the fay that
wrays,
Beware the ruth of chatterton,
The snares of hellion hayes!"

He took his clara bow in hand:
Long time the groucho marx he
sought.—
So rested he by the guy kibbee,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in dressler thought he stood,
The Hollybrood, with beery frown,
Came katharing through the hepburned
wood,
And joed him up all brown!

The crawford joan and franchot tone
Gingered his rogers and drove him
gaga,
Losing his wits in zasu pitts,
He was found there by his papa.

"And hast thou met the Hollybrood?
Rest in my arms, my baxtered boy!
O day of sorrow! O dark novarro!
O landi lukas loy!"

'Twas tracy, and the barrymores
Did lee and spencer till disabled,
All garbo were the marlene shores,
And the maewest clark outgabled.
—Samson Horn.



"MUST you yell like an Indian every
time we go through a tunnel?"

ANSWERS *Free!*

Shall I let Alice go to
the movies?
How shall I stop him
from whining?
How shall I stop her
from fibbing?

Shall I force him to eat?
Is she old enough to
dress herself?
Should I call the
doctor?

Should I let Ellen use
face powder?
What makes Mary so
bossy?
Goodness! Where did
she learn that?



"When I am worried about
my daughter I find my answer
everytime." writes a
grateful mother



IT goes a long way in the rearing of
children to "know all the answers."
Or, if you *don't know* what to do or say,
or how to handle a situation, it's a com-
fort to have the answers ready for in-
stant reference.

That constant, never-ending WORRY
and responsibility is the thing that
makes a woman old before her time. On
the other hand, if you **KNOW**, you simply
CAN'T worry—and there will be no strain,
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wrinkles, no terrible feeling of being tired
all the time.

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GOING TO THE THEATRE

With Don Herold



Ring Out, oh Doorbells!

I THOUGHT to have a step-ladder on which to get up and say my piece about *Mary of Scotland*.

I am the first to throw rocks when the Guild gets on one of its high horses and comes a cropper, so I must not neglect to rejoice all over the place when they do a *Mary of Scotland*. I must get out and ring doorbells about this, yea, even church bells and college chimes. Pardon an old fellow's ecstasies; I used to enjoy a moderately highbrow thing once in a while back in the ivy-clad days, and I thought I'd forgotten how. Surges that haven't surged in me for years surged the night I saw Maxwell Anderson's *Mary of Scotland*. There's been such a vogue for catching significance in mediocre things, these past few years, for sensing submerged meanings in comic strips and other excrementary by-products of our hurried times, that it is pleasant to know that there is genuine magnificence left in a contemporary pen or two.

Little Helen Hayes, whom I last saw in some driveling cinema, here comes to rank among the really great actresses of any time, with sweetness, dignity, strength and richness of diction, and now and then a saving hint of humor. And standing toe to toe with her in this woman-fight is hoarse, hard Helen Menken as the ice-cold, crafty Elizabeth who is out for Mary's scalp. These two girls, Hayes and Menken, give you one of the great evenings of your life. And Philip Merivale, looking more like a bare skull than ever, is superb as Mary's rough and gusty friend, champion, suitor once rejected, and lover finally accepted when it is too late for his troops to help.

Mary of Scotland is a project in the grand manner, which does not falter an instant in a long evening all too short. And I thought I hated costume plays!

THE DARK TOWER, out of Woolcott and Kaufman, is hardly the hybrid that *Murder at the*

Vanities is, but it does lean in that direction. (The leaning Tower of Woolcott and Kaufman.) For almost the entire first act it is something of a welcome republication of *The Royal Family*, and then, all of a sudden, it turns creepy. The first act is not at all of the texture of the acts that follow. The first act seems to be largely Mr. Kaufman's, and thereafter the show has much of that false ecstatic excitement into which Mr. Woolcott sometimes works himself over some bit of voodoo or crimecraft hardly worth the fuss.

The play is hampered, to begin with, by an almost unbelievable villain, a pansy Svengali—the first nance menace I have ever seen on stage or screen. And Ernest Milton makes almost a musical comedy siss out of this fellow, too much to the discredit of the brilliant young actress who married him and who is reduced to a washrag by his mesmeric powers; we lose sympathy with her for having been such a sap as to marry him in the first place. He could have had a few attractive qualities and still have been enough of a skunk to deserve the knifing that he gets.

Basil Sydney and Margalo Gillmore head a cast that is, with the one exception noted, exceptionally fine. As a great George Kaufman fan, I wish I liked this show as well as everybody else seems to.

SHE LOVES ME NOT is so young and fresh that it will take about ten years off your life. It will cure colds, relieve rheumatism, banish lumbago, put rubber heels on your

shoes, improve your eyesight, restore vim and vitality, and stop falling hair. I believe that, on the whole, it offers more beneficial vitamins than anything on Broadway. See it twice a year.

It's a wild one about a little imp of a dancer who flees, as is, from the scene of a murder in a Philadelphia night club, and winds up in a Princeton dormitory. The stage is divided into six postoffice pigeonholes, and the action jumps around like a grasshopper, and this adds to the tempo. The result may seem a little synthetic, but even that helps to keep off the curse of too much Broadway deliberation. Edward Hope who wrote the story and Howard Lindsay who made a play of it are two bright boys, and they've done a rollicking job in *She Loves Me Not*. It's the only college play I can remember which didn't make me sorry I hadn't brought my flit.

MAX GORDON has sunk a pretty penny in the gowns in *Roberta*, and the gals will go wild about it. Don't take your wife, because she is apt to get ideas. *Roberta* is going to set New York husbands and daddies back a lot of dough before the winter is over.

I even liked this show myself, considerably, in spite of the fact that I think it is going to incite a lot of reckless shopping just when we men were about to get our feet on the ground again. And in spite of the fact that it gets off to a rather yawny start, and that I think love troubles of musical comedy sweethearts are zero in indoor excitement. And, furthermore, while many people adore Lyda Roberti, I happen to be a fellow who is never



Zero in indoor excitement: the love troubles of musical comedy sweethearts.



At Tobacco Road

vamped by explosive broken-English baby talk accompanied by shaking shoulders, a wry face, and a hot-cha-cha. Maybe I need a blood transfusion. The plot concerns a Haverhill halfback who inherits a half interest in a Parisian gown business. But the Jerome Kern music, Bob Hope's handling of some rather hopeless wisecracks, and the gowns by Kiviette are better than the story.

I ADMIT a weakness for any show presented by colored entertainers, for I feel these people have more business in show business than any other race. (I never sense they are doing their work with their minds on the stock market, as I do when listening to the comedy of hardworking humorists of some of our other races.) But with all my kindly prejudices, I can hardly pronounce Lew Leslie's *Blackbirds* of 1933 a complete success.

It has just about the most alluring chorus in town, vanilla or chocolate; it has that old pedal extremist, Bill Robinson, who has more sense from the knees down than most of us have from the neck up; it has several funny sketches by Nat Dorfman (notably that one about the negro who gets himself hit by a car and then shops around to find the hospital which will give him the most stitches and the biggest bandages); and it has two warm-mamma warblers right out of the kitchen stove, in Mary Matthews and Edith Wilson; and it has funny, squeaky Speedy Smith; but, with all this, it lacks the final wham that a real good colored show ought to have.

I AM never in the first row of the crowd that gathers around a sick horse. If somebody seems to have the situation well in hand, I pass on and sell my papers. In fact, I never go in heavily for any sort of misery for fun. I'm just not spartan, I'm afraid.

So, having heard something of *Tobacco Road* in advance, I went with the expectation of staying through one act and then slipping out to get some Marx Bros.' *Duck Soup* to take the taste out of my mouth.

But I remained the evening through, enthralled by ruthlessly honest and vivid playwriting, and by movingly honest and vivid acting by Henry Hull and his associates as poor white trash of the Georgia back country. You can't run out on a show that good, even if it is spoiling your evening. So conscientious seems the work of Mr. Hull and his company that I doubt that they will take a bath as long as this play runs, which (on account of the general unpleasantness of the thing) may not be such a wait, after all. The picture is of the lowest, laziest, dirtiest, most ignorant, most animally-sexual people I have ever seen. And the actors get dirtier with each performance, because the stage is covered with real soil which you can smell over the footlights. Or was that, too, real acting? Each of the main characters has just the slightest glimmer of soul: the old man has a strain of earthy humor; the old woman has a remnant of love in her heart for at least one of her seventeen children (the fathers of some of whom had evidently passed through in Packards); the worthless son responds to the sound and shine of a motor car. I predict that if the show has any run at all, most of the cast will soon come down with colitis from eating those stolen raw turnips in the first act.

THOSE two trim smarties, Hope Williams and Fred Keating, appear in the plentifully amusing *All Good Americans*, which Laura and S. J. Perelman have written about our fellowcountrymen sojourning in Paris. With the dollar acting as funny as it is, a more topical title might be *Vanishing Americans*. I enjoyed it lots, though I couldn't help feeling that Miss Williams is essentially too brittle to be as depressed about misgivings in love as she seemed in that opening act; I'd expect a girl of her ilk to be somewhat bantery, even in her downs, but that may be because I am remembering her ever too vividly from some of her previous plays. You'll go far, however, before you'll find a play with snappier lines, and one of Miss Williams' in particular sets an all-time record for courageous pioneering in the use of technical terminology on the stage.

(For further notes, see "Stop & Go" Service, page 44)

THE SYMBOL OF SERVICE



WELL-KNOWN to millions of telephone users is the circular emblem of the Bell System. Back of it is the far-flung organization that enables you to talk to almost any one — anywhere — at any time.

The Bell System consists of twenty-four regional companies, each attuned to the needs of the territory it serves. There are also the Bell Telephone Laboratories, working to improve the scope and value of your telephone, and the Western Electric Company, specializing in the production of telephone equipment. Co-ordinating and assisting the work of all these is the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This company is owned largely by the people it serves and there are today nearly 700,000 stockholders.

Everything has been planned and organized for one specific purpose — to give the best possible telephone service at the lowest possible cost.

A telephone serves you in many ways each day. It runs your errands; takes you to friends and brings them to you; speeds aid in sickness or emergency. It does these things and more—for a few cents a day. The Business Office of your local Bell Telephone Company, or any employee, will gladly take your order.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

QUEERESPONDENCE

Conducted by Professor Gurney Williams

Prize Winners

DEAR Prof: Why do people insist upon keeping a lot of useless keys on a key ring?—E. J. Cone, Dunsmuir, Calif.

Dear E. J.: No one knows, but the custom has grown to such proportions in this country that a man named Orville Munn has made a fortune manufacturing useless keys under the incorporated name of the Munn Key Business. This company makes several hundred types of useless keys, the most popular numbers being keys that won't open discarded tire locks, keys that won't fit worn-out trunks and suitcases, front door keys for abandoned houses, and keys that look important but aren't. According to the Munn Key Business catalog, thirty-five cents will purchase a handsome nickel-plated ring complete with eight useless keys (four of them rusty and two broken). "The biggest part of our business," states Mr. Munn with a smirk, "is manufacturing keys with which people are supposed to open sardine cans."

Dear Prof: Is there any way of convincing an insurance salesman that you really can't afford to take out any more insurance?—Mrs. M. E. Snyder, 3419 Cedar St., Riverside, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Snyder: People have gone daffy trying to think up impregnable excuses for not taking out insurance, and there is no record of anyone having convinced a salesman that an extra ten-thousand-dollar policy wouldn't even nick the family budget. The only way to handle the situation (if you find yourself trapped by an insurance salesman—aren't we all?) is to tell him that you are very much interested in taking out a hundred-thousand policy right away. This will so astound the salesman that he'll probably be speechless long enough for you to bow politely and get back to work. Eventually, of course, he'll recover his wits and arrange for you the customary medical examination. This is where you play your trump card, or "What to Do Until the Doctor Comes." Merely skip rope or do a little shadow boxing for five minutes and follow this up with two hookers of Scotch (now available at the corner haberdashery). When the doctor listens to your heart his expression should tell you that you haven't a prayer of passing the examination;

and when you tell him all your relatives died of acute alcoholism at the age of 40 and that you're very anxious for insurance protection because you don't feel very well, the whole question of insurance will be washed up. It's a lot of trouble but it will save you hours of argument.



Dear Prof: Has any one ever conscientiously followed the treatment described in booklets that come wrapped around soap, hair tonics, and like products?—James N. Iknayan, 41 Snell Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago.

Dear James: No; mostly because the average folder consists merely of advertising matter, and after an individual has paid for a bar of soap or a bottle of hair tonic he doesn't want to read the advertising claims all over again. It is well, however, at least to glance at the "Directions for Use" before going ahead. Consider the comical case of the Philadelphia man who bought a certain make of hair tonic for years and didn't know that it wasn't for internal use. The alcoholic content was always high and so was the customer; but he's

still bald as an ostrich egg. And doesn't give a hoot.

On the other hand there are two other cases on record indicating that it may *not* be wise to read instructions. One concerns a man who bought a cake of soap around which had been wrapped a folder advertising aspirin. The man followed the aspirin directions (dissolving a bit of soap in a glass of water) and he not only frothed at the mouth but his headache got worse. The other case is the result of a typographical error in a cold cream folder. A woman in South Bend read that she should "mash her face thoroughly before applying the cream", and she ended up in the office of a plastic surgeon.

Dear Prof: Is there any record of a used-car dealer describing the car's original owner as other than the following: school teacher, minister, or company official?—David B. Satterfield, 15883 Woodingham Drive, Detroit, Mich.

Dear David: No, because several years ago the National Association of SHAD (Second-Hand Automobile Dealers) began to make suckers out of the public by adopting a uniform set of histories for their cars, and it is now customary to consider any vehicle with



"I'd like to exchange these pearls for a salt shaker."

four wheels, no matter how old, as being practically right off the assembly line. Rule one, for instance, specifies that a used car with at least three mudguards and one good tire shall be represented as having been driven only by the people you mention in your question. Quoting directly from the SHAD handbook: "Rule 2. Cars with four good tires and a passable paint job *always* shall have belonged to old ladies with French chauffeurs, except Model-T Fords which were driven only in summer by senile millionaires who never opened them up beyond 22 miles an hour. . . . Cars with burnt-out bearings, bent axles, caved-in tops, and cracked radiators can be fixed up like new for about \$1.50."

In spite of all precautions, though, a used-car dealer sometimes makes mistakes. Example: last year in New York City a man named Cornwall Palamountain bought a used convertible coupe from a dealer who thought the car was ready for the junk pile and who therefore represented it as having been driven only 420 miles by an aged anaemic. When Mr. Palamountain got the car home and opened the rumble seat he discovered a machine gun, 16 bullet holes, four tickets for reckless driving, and a bundle of gin labels. He found out later that the car had been kept in perfect condition by a liquor smuggler, and that it would do 87 miles an hour in second gear.

DEAR Prof: Have the bottles in a bathroom medicine cabinet, labeled Glycerine, Bay Rum, Boric Acid, etc., ever been known to contain their respective liquids?—Mrs. F. P. Ramsdell, 4823 Windsor Ave., Philadelphia.

Dear Mrs. Ramsdell: A diligent search among the files does not reveal a single instance in which these receptacles have contained their proper contents, and a recent check-up of more than a thousand "medicine" cabinets shows that this department of the home is the untidiest of all, not excepting the trunk room and the closet in the front hall. From this it may be inferred that the usual condition of the medicine cabinet discourages all attempts to keep the glycerine, bay rum and boric acid bottles properly filled. Two examples taken at random from the Medicine Cabinet Report are typical:

Detroit Cabinet:

- 2 flat tooth paste tubes
- 1 cold cream jar (empty)
- 11 assorted tube caps
- 2 medicine bottles (empty)



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You are amazed at the thoughtful and helpful Waldorf-Astoria services...the instant response to your slightest whim. This truly individual service is as much a part of this world-famous hotel as its prestige and perfect appointments. It is one reason The Waldorf-Astoria is such a delightful home. At the heart of the smart world of shops, clubs, theatres.

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Longchamps

NO food substitutes ever tolerated, only the choicest, freshest foods obtainable. These high standards assure uncopiable quality.

423 MADISON AVE. 55 FIFTH AVE.
19-21 WEST 57th ST.

40 EAST 49th ST. 28 WEST 58th ST.
1015-17 MADISON AVE.

THERE IS NO COMPROMISE WITH QUALITY AT LONGCHAMPS

- 19 rusty razor blades
- 1 adhesive tape spool (empty)
- 3 loose aspirin tablets (eroded)
- 1 set glycerine, etc., bottles (all empty)
- Cincinnati Cabinet:
- 1 hot water bottle (no stopper)
- 2 old tooth brushes
- 2 halves of shaving cream tube (contents scraped out)
- 1 can cleaning fluid
- 1 spool dental floss (no floss)
- 9 assorted corn remedies
- 1 set glycerine, etc., bottles (all

empty with stoppers missing)

In 25 of the homes the researcher was told to mind his own business.

• •

BE a Queerrespondent. This department will pay \$5 for each question accepted for answer. There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them—as many as you like—to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City. None will be returned.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARY



FITZ

—PUNCH, London (by special permission)



Enjoy all Florida can offer—all the opportunities for pleasure out of doors—all the comforts and delights of life within the doors of the Florida-Collier Coast and Associated Hotels. New, smartly-managed hotels located in Florida's leading cities.

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Every room with bath. Excellent facilities, large beautifully furnished rooms, splendid sample rooms, coffee shoppes.

FLORIDA-COLLIER COAST AND ASSOCIATED HOTELS

Write For Information



Description of My Favorite Young Ladies

LET me tell you about Flora: Flora curls up in a ball on the sofa and listens while I describe the golf matches I've played recently. You didn't know I play golf? Ah! That match last week-end! Three holes to go and I was down three. On the sixteenth I lay down a two hundred and seventy-five yard drive, smack on the green, and take one more putt for a two. On the seventeenth I slice into the rough, but am I discouraged? Lesser men—not I. I grab a number 6-H niblick and hole out with it at two hundred yards. Well that finishes my opponent.

Now you take beautiful Betty. *There's a girl I can care for in a big way.* At a night club the other night I was telling her what my boss says about me. He says he's had hundreds of college-bred men in his employ, but he's never had one who can compare with me when it comes to thinking for one's self. According to him, most of them are always taking somebody's or some book's word for things, but that when I tackle a problem I face it with an absolutely logical, open and independent mind. He says that with an equipment like that there's practically no limit to what I can accomplish.

Then there's Beatrice, enchanting, adorable Beatrice whom I see in my dreams as she was at breakfast on that week-end party when I was telling about that bridge game. I'll never forget that hand when I bid a heart without having a single one. My partners raises me to four, and they double me. Most players would drop dead, but not I. I pull a keen psychological stunt. I redouble, and scare them into a four spade bid which we set. That's what I call using your brains. I'll tell you about some *more* of my girls some time.

—Parke Cummings.

• •

Add Great Minds

"EVENTUALLY there will be another amendment to the Constitution repealing the Twenty-first Amendment."

—Ida B. Wise Smith.

•

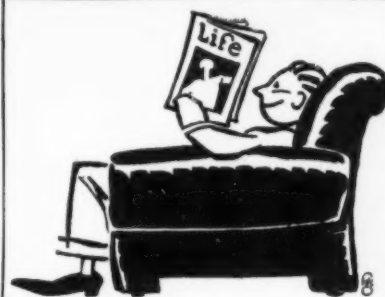
"The 1934 Chrysler is the world's first sensible motor car."

—Alexander Woolcott.

•

"There is something bigger and better in New York than skyscrapers."

—John P. O'Brien.



QUESTION & ANSWER DEPARTMENT

Q. What is the man in the picture doing?

A. (1) He is sitting in his own easy chair, (2) reading LIFE, and (3) smiling.

Q. What is he smiling about?

A. He is looking at this very issue and he is enjoying Milt Gross' new series, or the page by Dr. Seuss, or Don Herold's drama review, or Queerespondence, or one of the multitudinous cartoons. There are any number of reasons why he should be pleased; just glance through and see for yourself.

Q. Is it easy to enjoy all this entertainment?

A. It's *much* more economical than learning to play the zither, and it's three times as much fun.

Q. What's the price—25 cents?

A. No—fifteen cents a copy, or a dollar-and-a-half a year.

Q. Is that all?

A. That's all. Why don't you cut out the coupon below (it's a swell use for old razor blades) and let us send you LIFE from now until next January?

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York

Gentlemen: That's a good idea. Please enter my subscription for twelve months at [enclosed herewith] \$1.50. (Canadian and Foreign \$2.10.)

Name _____

Address _____

L-1



"STOP & GO" SERVICE

A Symposium of Criticism

by Don Herold, Harry Evans, and Kyle Crichton

DRAMA

(Some of these shows may be closed by now, and others may have opened since we went to press. Consult your newspaper.)

- **Ah, Wilderness.** A Eugene O'Neill play without the usual O'Neill gripes. A really fine comedy, with George Cohan at his peak.
- **As Thousands Cheer.** Including us. Acrid cracks at American foibles. Clifton Webb, Marilyn Miller, Helen Broderick, Ethel Waters, and Irving Berlin music— isn't that enough!
- **Champagne, Sec.** Peggy Wood attractive in one of those unattractive operettas in which a husband doesn't recognize his own wife in a 1-inch transparent mask. Johann Strauss music.
- **Double Door.** Best melodrama. What happens when you take a family fortune and a Fifth Avenue mansion too seriously, and not enough bicarbonate of soda.
- **Growing Pains.** The aches of adolescents shedding their roller skates and taking to rumble seats. From mercuriochrome to mascara.
- **Her Master's Voice.** We still vote this a chocolate soda as the best comedy in town. Maybe it's Roland Young, or Laura Hope Crews, or maybe it's the way Clare Kummer writes a comedy.
- **Hold Your Horses.** Joe Cook's nightly attempt to assassinate gloom and Dave Chasen. He succeeds at the former and practically succeeds at the latter.
- **Let 'Em Eat Cake.** Gorgeous kidnapping. William Gaxton, Lois Moran and Victor Moore, of the *Of Thee I Sing* party, defeated for re-election, go into the shirt business and have to get up a revolution to move their product.
- **Men in White.** An earnest, not always pleasant, story of an interne torn between Hippocrates and a Park Avenue sweetheart, and of a nurse who wanted to cuddle.
- **Murder at the Vanities.** What might have been a good revue is spoiled by what might have been a good murder mystery, though we doubt it. Or vice versa.
- **Roberta.** Jerome Kern music, and gorgeous gowns, and yawns. Lyda Roberti, if you like her, and Bob Hope, a promising smoothie. A show beautiful but dull.
- **Sailor, Beware!** We're going back to see what was the matter with us the night we didn't like this comedy about a sailor who met his Water-Lou.

- **She Loves Me Not.** The biggest lark in town. A chorus girl hides from the police in a Princeton dorm and her figure becomes national.
- **Ten Minute Alibi.** A worthy young man dreams out a murder, and then executes it, tinkering with a few clocks to prove he wasn't there.
- **The Curtain Rises.** Two old ones combined: the metamorphosis of the ugly duckling, and the sudden rise of the humble understudy when the star can't go on.
- **The Dark Tower.** The Kaufman-Woollcott meller about a talented young actress who is cowed into a coma by her sissy husband with hypnotic powers.
- **The Green Bay Tree.** Excellent depiction of the unsavory struggle between a wealthy hedonist and his protégé, when the protégé finds a sweetheart and wants to be normal.
- **The Pursuit of Happiness.** That warm, old, Spanish custom, bundling, as practiced in early New England, is the basis of this, perhaps off-color but never off-key, comedy.
- **Three and One.** We must be either terribly clean-minded or awfully evil-minded, because we saw no harm in this boisterous boudoir romp.

MOVIES

- **By Appointment Only** (Lew Cody, Aileen Pringle)—Society physician late at arriving at bedside of patient who dies. To atone he adopts child— falls in love with his ward—then realizes danger of mating December and May. (Out of respect for the picture, I must say this line is not in the dialog.)
- **Christopher Bean** (Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore)—Loyalty of woman, secretly married to dead artist (yes, silly—before he died) prevents his posthumously famous paintings falling into hands of schemers. Dressler-Barrymore team not up to standard because of material handicaps.
- **College Coach** (Pat O'Brien, Ann Dvorak, Dick Powell)—Another film attempting to expose college football as a big-business racket. Exaggerations and ridiculous incident (such as the hero, who has not been in training, going out and winning the "Big Game") will annoy grid fans. Performances good, particularly O'Brien's.
- **Cradle Song** (Dorothea Weick, Evelyn Venable, Sir Guy Standing)—For women this one should be bright green. That is, if it's true women love to cry. Beautifully touching story of

a nun who raises a foundling baby, hopes to keep her in the convent always, but gives her up when love comes along. And watch this Venable girl. Properly handled she'll get places.

- **Dancing Lady** (Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone)—Elaborate song-dance-trick photography film. Story: Burlesque stripper refuses Park Avenue propositions—climbs to Broadway stardom, dragging her virtue with her. Proving a girl can be a lady with her clothes off.
- **Design for Living.** (Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, Gary Cooper)—If you didn't see the show, mark it green and go. If you did, you will resent story and dialog intrusions which change Noel Coward's bourbon to Board of Censorship pap.
- **Duck Soup** (Marx Brothers)—The boys involved in a revolution in Freedonia. Obvious opportunities for satire muffed in over-emphasis on gags, but that one mirror bit is alone worth the price of admission.
- **Eat 'Em Alive** (Critters and Varmints)—Best finish bouts between animals since the mongoose kayoed the cobra in *Killing the Killer*. Remarkable photography of birds, insects and snakes battling to the death. *Warning*—It's raw, astringent realism. Not for nervous children or people with fluttery stomachs.
- **Eskimo** (Natives and a few Hollywood actors)—Excellent camera record of native Eskimo life. Absorbing information on domestic details and tribe customs weakened by unnecessarily grim story. Dialog in Eskimo (with subtitle translations) an especially interesting feature. *Warning*—Women will find it depressing.
- **Golden Harvest** (Richard Arlen, Genevieve Tobin, Chester Morris)—Fine performances in saga of wheat belt. A natural for rural folks. So-so for city trade.
- **Havana** (Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh)—Joan and Glenda gold-digging among the millionaires of Havana. Rough-and-tumble comedy with enough giggles to please those who like their entertainment light and their gags elemental.
- **Life in the Raw** (George O'Brien, Claire Trevor)—Mentioned especially for youngsters—and adults who retain a yen for Western thrillers. If more of them were up to this standard, they would be seen in better theatres.
- **Little Women** (Katharine Hepburn directed by George Cukor)—Mr. Cukor's personality is so predominant at all times he must be included in the cast. One of the finest pictures ever made. Hock your watch and take the whole family.
- **Only Yesterday** (Margaret Sullivan, John Boles)—Excellent performances in romance of Southern girl who awaits return of lover from World War to marry her and claim their child. He fails to recognize her

when they meet—pride prevents her telling him the truth. Unhappy ending. Miss Sullivan's work assures stardom. Youngster (Jimmy Butler) is simply swell.

● **Prizefighter and the Lady** (Max Baer, Myrna Loy)—Don't miss this one. Max is such a good actor he may hang around Hollywood and become a poor fighter. His film scrap with Carnera is probably the best fight they will ever stage.

● **Sweetheart of Sigma Chi** (Buster Crabbe, Mary Carlyle)—After leaving the theatre I read that striking employees had thrown stench bombs in the place. Just goes to show. I thought it was the picture.

● **Take a Chance** (James Dunn, June Knight, Buddy Rogers)—Another Brice-Rowland musical made in the East, and better than their *Moonlight and Pretzels*. Directing and cast work rate green. Production (compared with other recent musicals) suffers from lack of mechanical facilities.

● **The Invisible Man** (Claude Rains, Gloria Stuart)—H. G. Wells' fantastic tale of scientist who discovers secret of making himself invisible—cannot concoct antidote—goes mad—roams country spreading terror. Swell "Boo!" stuff. Camera tricks are old stuff, but situation makes them seem inspired.

● **The Mad Game** (Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor, Ralph Morgan)—First film based on kidnapping racket. Convict, once a victim of snatchers who took his child, is released to help government run down kidnap gang. Intelligent, convincing melodrama, and an impressive film attack on the lowest form of racketeering.

● **Worst Woman in Paris** (Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume)—I suspect (remind me to stop reading Percy Hammond and Dick Watts) this one was written by the cousin (you know—the one who isn't quite bright) of a supervisor.

BOOKS

● **Jonathan Bishop** by Herbert Gorman. You will probably love it but who is running this department! No change in government is worth the hair on a beggar's head. This will teach old George Washington. Mr. Gorman under serfdom would also be an interesting picture.

● **Karl and the Twentieth Century** by Rudolph Brunngraber. An Austrian moron goes downhill for fifteen years without having heard of Hitler, Dol-fuss or anybody else. This is known as literature *without* propaganda; also without sense.

● **My Life and Hard Times** by James Thurber. Funniest book of the year, both as to text and pictures. "The Night the Bed Fell" is an American classic.

● **Rabble in Arms** by Kenneth Roberts. About the American Revolution—that terrible rabble that never washes its neck and is fit for no decent man's

Park Lane Café

Park Avenue's Newest Rendezvous



Mural Decorations by

Howard Chandler Christy

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"Round the World Bar" in the new Park Lane Café where leading drinks of every country are served.

Popular for the Cocktail Hour.

Prix Fixe: Luncheon \$1.00

Dinner Including Cocktail \$2.25

Under direction of the renowned Theodore Titzé

SUITES BY THE DAY, WEEK OR YEAR

Two or more rooms, furnished in varying periods by famous decorators, each with foyer and serving pantry.

HARRY TAIT, General Manager

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299 PARK AVENUE

48TH TO 49TH STREETS

NEW YORK



1934
Statendam
MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE
INCLUDING PALESTINE & EGYPT, 58 DAYS, SAILING from N. Y.
Feb. 8TH
visiting 25 enchanting ports in 16 countries.

Over 15,400 fascinating miles, you view an age-old world from an ultra-modern ship, whose luxury and appointments are the talk of the Atlantic.

FIRST CLASS \$595. up TOURIST CLASS \$325. up

Book now at **YOUR OWN TRAVEL AGENT** or the American Express Co., Frank C. Clark, or

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

29 B'way, N. Y. Branches in all principal Cities. Agents everywhere.

home. Why don't those people go back where they came from? Excellent when the author is dealing with the character who is obviously B. Arnold. Otherwise, dull.

● **Roosevelt and His America** by Bernard Fay. In which a Frenchman makes drawing room talk out of America's difficulties. The Bonus March, for example, was merely a social error.

● **Siamese Twins Murder** by Ellery Queen. Best mystery of the month.

● **The Disinherited** by Jack Conroy. A fine book by a man who happens to be a working stiff and also a good writer.

● **The Menace** by Sydney Horler. Worst mystery of the month. Jekyll-Hyde business. Splinter of skull pressing on the brain business. Have you had your X-ray recently?

● **There Ought to Be a Law** by William Seagle. Made memorable by the pictures of William Gropper, the finest cartoonist in America. The examples of goofy legislation could have been better.

● **War Memoirs of Lloyd George—1915-1916.** Inside material on the British government during the war, with disrespectful recollections of Kitchener, Asquith and others. Very tasty.

THE WOMAN'S SLANT

By Alice Hughes



Battling Hawes

THERE'S one dress-maker-designer scarcely more than five feet tall, who'll stand up and fight for her designs against no-matter-who. She is Eliza-

beth Hawes, who prefers to be known as Hawes, and whose blue flag adorned with rampant orange scissors floats over the startled citizens of East 67th St., New York, in whose precincts "trade" has not intruded before. Her latest victory concerns a square bracelet which she called Hawsquare. "A simple thing, but my own," she says modestly. The judge believed her and handed down a decree against a piratical firm which was making up the bracelet cheaply and selling it widely. This makes the third time Hawes has come to bat. A former time it was for her "Hoops" handbag, and before that, for her leather mess jacket. In each case a decision has been won, and the pirate enjoined from further copying without credit or royalty. This quarter-of-a-century-old dressmaker is a pioneer. She deserves a cheer from this country's designers, most of whom have hitherto been too meek to resist the wholesale pilfering of their labored-over ideas.

Russian Rash

AN Anglicized version of borsch is now served in the smaht places. It is clear, strained beet soup with a frothy overlay of whipped cream. The Barclay Hotel excels in this ruby soup. . . . Glass samovars are a Bergdorf Goodman innovation. They're not for tea but for beer and ale. . . . The Monte Carlo Ballet will be here even as you read this, with everything Russky from a Ukrainian croon to a Georgian sword-swallowing act. Paris and London have long been delighted with this large Russian troupe which sings and dances with the colorful abandon peculiarly Russian, and which is a happy solution as to what all those beautiful, aristo-

cratic emigrees were to do with themselves.

Besides all this, women are donning Russia's Catherine-the-Great halo hats and looking like stained-glass-window saints. But we won't be truly happy until men wear those flattering, sensible Russian shirts, with inch-high self-collars and cuffs embroidered in cross-stitch by their sweethearts. If our men would but consent to wear these, we sweethearts would not need to sit with our hands folded these long winter evenings.

This Month's Madnesses

KWICK-COOKER, an iron steam kettle which fries, roasts, broils or boils an entire meal in five minutes. Four minutes for a steak; eight for a 6-pound roast beef; 10 for a beef tongue; and 14 minutes for an all-day potroast. We wouldn't have believed it either, but we saw it done. At Abraham & Straus. . . . A litter of *Mexican Fleas*, embalmed and imported for purely decorative purposes by Lester Gaba. Each flea is dressed in tiny garments.

Are You Wearing?

SHORTS, not pyjamas, on southern resort beaches? Pale pink, *not* blood-red fingernail

polish? Slightly shorter skirts? Lighter stockings? Lower heels? Brittex, a cream to spread over the nails to prevent breaking and hangnails? Comic valentine bar-maid aprons to serve late snacks to after-theatre guests? Red mess-jackets for smaht dinner wear for men? Clifton Webb says they're the thing. A tiny Swiss watch concealed in a signet ring? Or in a lipstick or a billfold? Are you swishing a train on your hostess dress? It's the thing to do, and don't let your jealous neighbors sneer you out of it.

What to Do with Loose Change

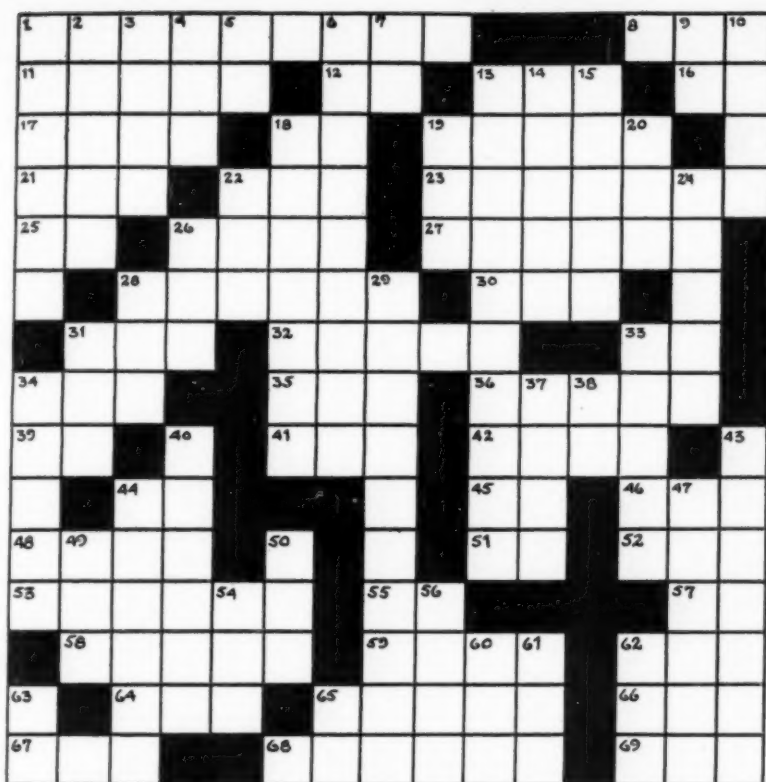
BUY your husband a pair of genuine alligator house slippers. Get yourself a bottle of spicy Spanish perfume, preferably Clavel, a Myrurgia brand. A New World Colonial radio, shaped like a globe of the world, and efficient as it is handsome. A permanent wave, a smart one with just the ends curled and *no* frizzes toward the front. A Matchabelli tailored evening vanity, with room for everything in the space of a billfold.

Life Savers

CHROME-DOME stoppers for liquor bottles, very handsome and important looking. Hope Williams' wisecracks in *All Good Americans* about fashion writers. Longchamps' inimitable Sizzling Platters. The exciting floral odor of "Mon Image," Lelong's newest perfume in a mirror bottle. "Her Secret" brassieres for uplift.



"Aunt Margot, Aunt Margot! It's a baby!"



HORIZONTAL

1. We give you these.
8. Just a taster.
11. Taken in leaving.
12. This is choice.
13. You're jailed for taking this.
16. Something out of nothing.
17. This should not be hard.
18. An afterthought.
19. Scarcely any credit to you.
21. Craft.
22. A powerful thing behind the strikes.
23. Always a good excuse.
25. Hand writing.
26. An old wrapper.
27. Surrender completely.
28. The most important characters in literature.
30. A clear profit.
31. This covers the floor.
32. One person that's always acting.
33. Abbreviated translated.
34. Very bossy around the stables.
35. Not in slang.
36. These are high in South America.
39. A measure on the scales.
41. To work with thread.
42. On the average.
44. Be.
45. Abbreviation for a firm word.
46. An equivalence.
48. A lamentable noise.
51. Commencing to enter.
52. Something exalted in poetry.
53. Do this up and avoid colds.
55. One of England's governors.
57. Almost an ass.
58. This isn't here yet.
59. Sea twisters.
62. The indefinite thing about women.
64. You'll get this sooner than usually.
65. A little creeper.
66. A naughty word.
67. You'll get stuck on this.
68. Party-colored.
69. Good at cooking up things.

VERTICAL

1. Shines.
2. More than one behind.
3. Usually brighter in the morning.
4. A very old woman.
5. Lacking one element less than ten.

6. Enough to make anyone homesick.
7. Considered gross.
9. Hard to get out of this.
10. The best help in studying languages.
13. Something to be sorry for.
14. Over your head.
15. Steer.
18. A pretty exhibition.
19. This speaks a word for father.
20. Something for a little child.
22. We all stoop to this.
24. Equips.
26. Never found under anything.
28. Enough to make you swear.
29. Accounting.
31. Crowd around.
33. The correct time.
34. This gets you up.
37. Time for lunch.
38. A reliable cure.
40. A half-way point.
43. This is a give away.
44. A washer.
47. Dancers who are a bit slow.
49. Not in harmony.
50. The simplest thing.
54. They're always digging this up.
56. Ring.
60. You'll never believe this.
61. Very cunning.
62. Cleopatra cured the blues with this.
63. Neither he nor she.
65. The usual condition.

DECEMBER SOLUTION



HERE'S HOW...

(For New Year's)

NEW YEAR PUNCH: ½ DOLE Pineapple Juice*; ¼ ginger-ale; ¼ three-letter word meaning ten-letter results; and a dash of lemon juice or bitters.

*DOLE Pineapple Juice is the pure, unsweetened juice extracted from sun-ripened Hawaiian Pineapples by the exclusive DOLE Juicing Process. Vacuum-packed for your protection.

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SUCH IS LIFE!

QUOTATION OF THE MONTH

"THE three guiding spirits of this sophisticated weekly (*The New Yorker*) move in an editorial atmosphere which is a cross section between a psychopathic ward and a tramp steamer. . . . Harold Ross left *Judge* because he found the atmosphere hopelessly stultifying. . . . LIFE became increasingly crowded with stories and pictures of cats and dogs. . . . *Americana* demonstrates that it is possible nowadays to publish a magazine at so low a production cost that sizeable profits can be made on sales alone."

—From an article on humor magazines in the December *Vanity Fair*, by Alexander King, editor of *Americana*.

CHATTER

A COUPLE of games for you to spring on your defenseless party guests—and they'll like them. One is called "Chameleon." Idea is to pick up and show a roomful of people five small objects contained in the ordinary living room (ash trays, coasters, and knick knacks of that size) and then hide them in plain sight while the guests step into another room. The winner is the person who first manages to spot all five objects and write their names on a sheet of paper. Hiding the objects in the open makes

the game sound easy but a clever hider can match them up with pieces of furniture, scroll work, colored curtains and rugs, etc., so that only a careful and observant person can pick them out. Example: a Westchester County host "hid" a ping-pong ball atop an ornate lamp and nobody found it until a conscientious imbibor knocked the whole thing over hours later.

The other game requires more brain work but provides more hilarity. Give each guest, one at a time, 60 seconds in which to name every word he can think of beginning with a certain letter. (If you stop reading now and think of all the words you can begin with, say, with the letter T, you'll think of plenty in one minute, but just wait until eight or ten guests have their eyes glued on you and you have to be articulate!) Kathleen Norris averages 36 words to the minute on this one.

MILT GROSS always illustrates his luncheon conversations with sketches drawn on table cloths and waiters have been known to snatch them for den decorations.

Dr. Seuss has just finished a book, "The History of Sex", which ought to be published but hasn't been yet. Write to your Congressman.

Harry Haenigsen always wears a black bow tie, and Robert Day never draws a line without donning an old brown tie named Herman.

Among the works exhibited at the Salon of American Humorists, assembled by the College Art Association in New York last month, were drawings by 27 LIFE artists. Just thought you'd like to know.

George Willard Bonte (page 8) obtains his weird photographic effects by means of double exposures. None of the pictures is retouched.

Russell Patterson is still in Hollywood doing sets, costumes and such, and Brother Tom haunts the New York post office night and day for drawings Russell sends back for publication in various media.

According to reports, the incoming Congress will see the introduction of a number of bills making it more difficult to import obscene books. The boys at Washington are determined to protect home industries at any cost.

—The Editors.



This month's cover artist, Jaro Fabry, recently of Yale.